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The * Idea

A REBEL YELL

Vol. 1

July - '06

No. 1



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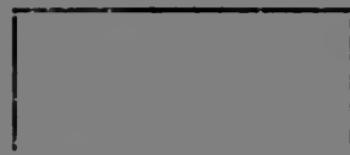
ANYWHEN
ANYHOW
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MOVES



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How blissful on a
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LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA

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REMEMBER we will give
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High Grade Enamel Ware*

T. C. Moseley

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Agent for Roberts' Germ Proof Filter

ANTED.—In Lynchburg, Va.,
a live newspaper. The town
contains some thirty-five thou-
sand people, and yet there is
not a newspaper published in the town;
and the people want one, too, as is
shown by the fact that some of them
will frequently spend a cent for The
“Advance” in their eager search for
news. :: :: :: ::

A Tooth for a Tooth

If there is one member of the human system that will pay you back in full measure for all the injury done it, it is the teeth. Neglect is not worse than experimenting with unknown, untried and worthless Dentifrices. Either will hasten the day of your bitter regret. SOZODONT is the friend of the teeth, and is an essential in millions of homes in all parts of the world. Stand by SOZODONT and your teeth will stand by you.

THREE FORMS

Our little pamphlet on "The Care of the Teeth" will be of interest to those who have good teeth and wish to keep them so.

HALL & RUCKEL
NEW YORK CITY

The Idea

Gotten Out at Lynchburg, Virginia

TO that King of American men of letters, nay, more, that heterogeneous mixture in the Genus Homo, child and man, man and woman, prince and peasant, rebel patriot, student teacher, idealist-realistic, pessimistic-optimistic, infidel-preacher, business man, author, humorous didactic, sincere affected, serio-comic, harsh and kind, bold and meek, brainy brawny, big and little, god and devil, wise and otherwise, and take him all in all a man, the like of whom I shall not look upon again,

ELBERT HUBBARD THE GREAT,

this, the first number of the "Idea," is affectionately dedicated; in the Month of July and in the "Age of Common Sense" the Year Eleven.

The Idea

Vol. 1

JULY, 1906

No. 1

Gotten up at Elsewhere, Va., by "The Minority," a Rebel Society, founded by Nathaniel Bacon, Hero and Revolutionist, patronized by Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry and George Washington, Lovers of Liberty all, and now revived by another band of Virginia Rebels, jealous of the cause of Liberty in their Native State whose official seal is the rebel yell "Down with the Tyrant."



We would not have you think from an exposition of so much wrong-doing that Lynchburg is such a bad place after all. In spite of such circumstances as you will find set forth in these pages Lynchburg is a most admirable place in which to live. It is unsurpassed both for its natural scenery and, in a commercial way, as a manufacturing and distributing center. We love Lynchburg. It is our home and native land. We are proud of what its citizens have done and of what it is, but we are utterly disgusted with certain **LITTLE** and crooked and narrowminded doings of a few who have it in their power to greatly benefit the

town and make an enviable name for themselves. We love Lynchburg, but we cannot keep quiet and refrain from publishing these facts, shameful though they be, when we think that by making them public we can do our part and make the town clean, politically and morally.

This number of the Idea will be devoted largely to local municipal affairs; at other times political, religious, social and industrial freedom in city and state and nation will have due attention.

This paper is by no means intended to be a newspaper nor a literary paper but the kicking, fighting organ of that spirit which founded the Union to resist oppression. Whenever the Union exists for any other purpose than as the means of the people "to protect themselves, establish justice, promote the general welfare and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity" then the "Idea" is ready to cry with every other true Virginian, and in the language of that Prince of Revolutionists, Jack London, "To Hell with the Constitution."



The "Idea" was born in the Objective Case. It came a-kicking, and if it ever dies it will die a-kicking.

"Writers seldom write the things they think. They simply write the things they think other people think they think."—Hubbard.



May the day never come when the blood of righteous rebellion shall slacken its course in the veins of Virginians.



Woe be the day when this government, founded by revolutionists, shall grow fat on oppression and suppression of revolutionary doctrines.



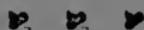
"Eternal vigilance is the price of Liberty."



This little magazine is not afraid of the Devil Himself (or Herself). Don't the little yaller thing beat the Devil anyhow!



So much by way of preamble; now for business.



The Honorable Carter Grass made a trip to Richmond, and while in the Capital City he made an address, and in that address he found occasion to make the proud boast that no scandal had ever fouled the Political atmosphere of Lynchburg. In view of that

statement, how does this sound: A very few years ago the City Council bought a lot on the corner of Court and Tenth Streets on which to build a new Public High School. Soon after this same said Carter Grass, who was a member of the Council at the time, bought PRIVATELY from the same City Council, of which he was a member, this same said lot for a very much smaller price than the Council paid for it. We are informed, however, that the deed was not recorded at the time (ostensibly for the reason that the same said Carter was ashamed to let the people know how he had faked them) but was recorded a few months later when it became known that the same said Carter Grass had sold that said lot to other parties at an enormous profit to himself. Now this quiet transaction savors very much of scandal to us; but the people, for the most part, were kept blissfully ignorant of the shady bargain for the reason that the same said Carter Grass owned all of the newspaper facilities of the town.

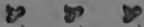


"Many a man's reputation would not know his character if they met on the street."—Hubbard.



ANOTHER FACT: A few weeks ago one of the cars of the Traction Company ran over and killed an old lady about ninety years old. The next morning the

new city editor of the News came out in a sharp editorial of criticism of the Traction Company for not keeping fenders on the cars to avoid such accidents in the future. Just as soon, however, as Mr. Apperson, the "Spiritual" editor, and Mr. Glass, the "Nominal" editor, could get into communication, an editorial came out in the paper saying that it was all right for the Traction Company to run their cars without fenders after all. It was a mistake that the Car Company had been scored so. The editor had not been in harness long enough to know the relationship that existed between Messrs. Apperson and Glass and he therefore had spoken rather hastily. Since then the Editor that gave so much promise of good has been careful not to say anything that would hurt the interests of the Company, even if it were necessary for the Public good. So now we have the space that might be used for good breezy editorials given over to such articles as "How to Keep Baby Cool in Summer," and "The Latest Creation in Hats for the Fair Sex."



"An ounce of performance is worth a pound of preaching."—Hubbard.



"The man who shuffles his opinions to match ours is seen through quickly. We want none of him."—Hubbard.

One of the Editors suggests that our Republican friend Mr. Glass, the Editor of the "News," will perhaps not like the way we have told on him. Well, if he don't, he may do as Teddy did when they got too close to him. He just hollered. We think with some of the great weeklies that have done so much to expose crookedness in high places, that where there is muck, there is need of a muck-rake.

If there had been no muck in politics and morals in this vicinity the present number of the "Idea" would have been an entirely different paper.



When Officer Short obeyed the law as he should have done, the weak-kneed police board, instead of commanding the officer's obedience and discharging the chief for ever making such a rule, made the officer apologize. The chief, by not upholding his subordinate in the discharge of his sworn duty, and taking the blame upon himself for ever making such a fool rule, showed his lack of courage and unfitness for office.

The board admitted that the chief was to blame by ordering that the rule in question be anulled, but for some inexplicable reason saddled the responsibility on the minor officer, and added insult to injury by making him publicly apologize to a law-breaker whom he had arrested. All honor to Officer Short. All dishonor to Chief Pendleton and Messrs. Watts, Adams & Harvey.

The City Council, at a recent meeting, had the audacity to give to the Lynchburg Traction & Light Co., the sum of three thousand dollars (\$3,000.00), just for the privilege of letting the Company rob the people another year at the exorbitant price of eighteen cents a night for the street lights. And the curious part about it is, there does not seem to have been one word of protest to the high-handed scheme on the part of a single councilman.



If you want another issue of the "Idea," say "yes." Don't everybody speak at once. We understand how it is; perhaps you can't afford to openly say that you sanction the idea, and yet I will bet my hat that in your heart you are saying, "I am glad of it."



"Don't run after women, for if you don't they will run after you."—Hubbard.



She: "What is better than an idea?"

He: "Too much for me."

She: "Two of them, of course."



"Verily in the midst of life we are in debt."—Hubbard.



"Our doubts are traitors, and make us lose the good we oft might win by fearing to attempt."—Shakespeare.

A city ordinance requires the owners of large office buildings and hotels to equip such buildings with suitable fire escapes, but the other day Mr. Krise appeared before the council and got that honorable body to waive the ordinance in the case of the Krise Building, the largest office building in the town and the building that needs a fire escape more than any other building here. But Mr. Krise is an influential and wealthy citizen and is on intimate terms with the councilmen, and so what he says goes.

Now we do not think that such a thing could happen if the councilmen knew that there was a public-spirited paper in Lynchburg.



"There are many deeply religious people outside the church, but those inside usually call them infidels."—Hubbard.



"If pleasures are greater in anticipation, just remember that this is true also of troubles."—Hubbard.



"There is no copyright on stupidity."—Hubbard.

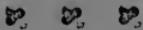
About three months ago Miss C., whose health was broken down from overwork and the thoughts of poverty, suffered an attack of nervous prostration. Her sister who was living with her was unable to give her proper care, and the case was thus brought to the attention of the city officers.

Chief Pendleton sent the police van in charge of an officer to convey the old lady to the court house, there to be examined as to her mental condition. Imagine the grief and indignation of these two old people when they saw how the sick one was to be treated. When they saw that their protests were of no avail, the well sister asked to accompany the sick one in the van to the court house. The officer in charge rudely brushed her aside and would not let her go along to attend an extremely sick woman. A little later the officer in question, Mr. Tankersley, was asked over the phone why he had made the feeble old lady, already distracted with nervousness, suffer the additional nervous shock of being hauled through the public streets in a prison car. His reply was: "All criminals must be treated alike." Now who is responsible for such a shocking affair? Who gives orders such as this? Who treats nervous people, simply because they are unable to resist, as criminals even before they are adjudged fit for the asylum? To ask such a question is to answer it. Everybody knows that

Chief Pendleton is the head of this diabolical system that is ruthlessly treading on the rights of the people. No one with the first touch of humanity would ever make such a rule that would thus oppress the weak and already oppressed by fortune, and the people of Lynchburg have gotten enough of such actions on the part of the Chief Police, and if the Police Board were not such weaklings as they proved themselves in the case of Officer Short, they would not tolerate it a second. But they have instructed the police to obey public opinion instead of the law, and nothing more can be expected of them. Nothing but public indignation will get them to move. And since public indignation is nearly always suppressed by the Lynchburg News for fear of hurting some of the INTERESTS of the management it seems that nothing can be done until we get another newspaper in the town.

Now, if the people of Lynchburg show by their patronage of this little sheet that they want a daily here, we will see that they get a live and fearless one, that with due regard for common decency will call a spade a spade, and a bull a bull, and incidentally, ere long we will have a Chief Police worthy of his little job.

Thus endeth the first lesson.



"We want less governing and the ideal government will arrive when there is no government at all."— Hubbard.

Lynchburg is a city of some thirty-two thousand population, with the best public school system in the State, and many other excellent literary institutions, and organizations, including two or three colleges, and, take it all in all, is a most progressive and intellectual community; and yet it is not the proud home of a single newspaper. The people seem to be content to jog along without one. They pay their taxes, for the most part, without grumbling or asking any questions as to why they are so high—and they are very high in Lynchburg. So the people take it as easily as they can; they work hard during the week and put on their Sunday clothes on the Sabbath and go to church in the morning, and to the parks, perhaps, in the afternoon, thus rounding out each little day ignorant of what is going on in the world at large, and without any hope of bettering conditions at home. I said ignorant; I forgot to say that a good many of them do get a newspaper from Richmond, the "Times-Dispatch," a most creditable journal, but they are in the minority, and then, too, the Times-Dispatch knows very little about conditions in Lynchburg that would be interesting if aired. I also failed to mention the fact that a paper is published in the town, not a newspaper, though, though it bears the name of "News," edited and owned by one Karter Grass, I believe. Honorable they call him, for does he not misrepresent his dis-

trict in the National House? But the paper absolutely refuses to publish news until it sees how it looks set up in the Baltimore "Sun" or the New York or Richmond papers; and even then it is extremely exclusive in the character of the news it publishes for fear that something will slip in derogatory to the interests of the corporations that own the city franchises; for, strange to say, the interests of the paper and the corporations seem to be the same. Thus the citizens are largely ignorant of the fact that they pay more than is paid in other towns for private lights, both gas and electric, and also for the public electric lights on every other corner, unless the odd corner happens to be near the home of a councilman or a man of influence, or on one of the main streets.

The city pays eighteen cents apiece a night for the street lights while our next door neighbor Danville pays only about thirteen cents a light. We also pay fifty cents a globe for incandescent lights. Danville pays twenty-five cents, we are told. We pay a dollar thirty-five for gas while other towns less than half; fifty-eight cents in Manchester, Eng., for instance, and there the town makes big dividends at that low figure, which go into the public treasury to lighten the tax rate. Yet to read the "News" one would think that Mr. Apperson, the President of the Light Company, was some philanthropist and public benefactor, so often

is he eulogized. Yet this is the company that owns all the power, all the traction, all the gas, all the electric lighting facilities and franchises of the town, and actually claimed before the city council last week that they owned the very land through the city streets on which the tracks were laid. It happened thusly: On account of certain abuses of the privileges granted the company by the city one of the councilmen Mr. Long offered a resolution requiring the company to lay its tracks under the supervision of the City Engineer, and Judge Horsley, counsel for the company, made the astounding claim above stated. Verily they think they own the town, and they do, almost.

Now it may seem strange that Mr. Grass, the Editor above referred to, does not espouse the cause of the people and expose some of these monster grievances. Is he not a Democrat? and a representative? Well, you see it is this way: Mr. Apperson is a wise man, he knows how to handle Mr. Grass. Both he and Mr. Grass are directors of the American National Bank and of course Mr. Grass does not want to lose the Traction Company's account from the bank. And Mr. Apperson's influence over Mr. Grass does not end here. Not long ago in a conversation in reference to certain proposed schemes of the company that were not being proposed purely for the public good, Mr. Apperson remarked, "Well, we will have to fix public opinion

first." Now if there is anyone that thinks that he meant in any other way than through the columns of the "News" let him speak or forever hold his peace.



He: "What is better than an idea?"

She: "Don't know, give it up."

He: You, Dear."



If you find the subject matter of the "Idea" too much for your digestion just turn over a page and read the advertisements. They won't hurt you.



Yes, Lynchburg has grown sick all for the want of a newspaper with an editor to it. You know newspapers need editors to 'em. Did you ever think of that?

Now it takes certain things to make an editor. I surely won't be contradicted if I say that an editor needs a stomach. Yes, he needs a whole digestive apparatus. Well, he can do without legs and even without hands, or eyes (one of the best we have ever known was blind), but he certainly ought to have a head; and then, too, he can hardly do without backbone; ah! that's it—he must have backbone. I'd put that first. But I see I am wandering, I said that no newspaper was published in Lynchburg.

The next song will be a dance.

If a stranger arrives in Lynchburg on one of the many mid-night trains he will find the depot in close proximity to scores of women in scarlet and gaudy colors advertising their wares from the doors and windows of ten separate houses of ill-fame all within a very few feet of the depot. He may or may not see an oblivious policeman on the corner. Now a city ordinance forbids such things in Lynchburg, and the Chief Police is charged with the enforcement of the laws. He knows, as even the ladies of the town are forced to know, of the existence of these houses, and he, sitting in the police court, knows most of the occupants by name.

A policeman was recently asked why he did not make some arrests and break up this state of affairs. He replied, "We don't get any thanks for arresting them, and are not upheld in our action when we do."

You see the police must "use his discretion" in such matters. The Chief-of-Police, a very big man, too—around the waist I mean—about six feet if I mistake not; the Chief-of-Police, I say, lives about three and a half blocks from the Court House. Between his home and the Court House, about half way, is a house of ill-fame that has been a notorious one for years, and the Chief very often passes right by the gate to and from court and he knows, without being told by the police,

either, all about the much-latticed house with three private entrances (for the public only). The house is on a street very little used by vehicles—too steep—yet one can easily see almost any wet morning the tracks of rubber-tired hack wheels in the red clay; for they are about the only vehicles that go that way except the beer wagons. But the Chief must not offend public opinion (of a few) by knowing these things. Yet he does know them, and he openly countenances the infraction of the law. I need hardly ask who is to blame—the chief, the board, or the patrolmen. Certainly not the last, for he is instructed by the commissioners to obey the law only when it is popular.

And the Lynchburg "News" simply keeps quiet.

"Dignity is the mask behind which we hide our ignorance."—Hubbard.

Those who ought to know tell me that the Western State Hospital at Staunton is as much in need of an investigation at the hands of the Legislature as the Eastern Hospital, which the present investigation is finding so rottenly managed.

"If I were a woman I would cultivate the fine art of listening. No woman can talk as interestingly as she can look."—Hubbard.

AND YET ANOTHER: The gas and electricity furnished to the people by the Traction & Light Company has been of a very inferior quality and quantity for so long a time that the people have almost forgotten what a real good gas jet can do. The consumers have kicked until they are tired of it. Some of them have had to put in acetylene gas, which costs more, and the "Home Acetylene Light Co." is doing a good business in the city.

One of the leading Jobbing Houses here kicked and kicked till their kicker was sore, and then put in acetylene; and then one of the Traction Company representatives came around and tried to persuade them to go back to the old inferior gas, and made all manner of excuses for the past bad service, and promises for the future, and actually asked why they had not said something about the bad service. The Company does not pay any attention to kicks until it is forced to, simply because it does not have to. See? Individual kicking against a corporation don't amount to much when there is nothing else to do but take your medicine, especially when the only daily paper is controlled by the corporation. There are all kinds of slavery you know, all kinds.

DEFINITIONS.

REVOLUTIONIST: One who advocates making a change for the better.

CONSERVATIVE: One who is willing to let bad enough alone.

REBEL: A revolutionist who will fight.

Of the latter class were George Washington and the ilk.



"A millionaire: One who has discovered a weakness in mankind and then fans and feeds it for a consideration."—Hubbard.



"I don't care how many lies are told about me, but for goodness' sake don't tell all the truth about me."

You, You, You.

And now, for your digestion, a bit of philosophic verse.

ON THE BANKS OF THE MYSTIC.

(A Soliloquy.)

O Mystery! cold Mystery!
Deep is thy stream and black,
As black as night and cold;
Broad are thy banks and far between;
Thy fall is slow.
And slow thy onward flow;
So weird art thou, and secret too,
That none may know
Whence thou hast come
Or whither thou wilt go.

I stand at midnight on thy marshy brink,
And try to pierce with eyes distend thy darkness thick:
O Mystery! hear thou my cry,
My prayer disconsolate.
The pleading meditation of my soul,
And tell me what is life.
Its whither and its whence,
For you two waters flow not separate.
O Mystery! drear Mystery!
O what is life, and what are we
That have it, yet so meagerly?
And what is action?
This changing, writhing, unending energy,
This scene so meaningless.
This strife so fierce—to know?
And what is time?
Is it spread on into eternity?

And life and time, do they together flow?
And does time stop when life stops here below?
"If a man die, shall he live again?"
And in another time?
Or shall time be no more, nor life?
And now we know no more
That which went on before
 This life;
Shall then we know this life
When it, its care, its strife,
 Be o'er?
And if life go at all, where does it go?
And does it rest a while, or what, or what?
When that great change does come,
Is it but for a while; is it fore'er?
 And what is death?
Does it exist, or is it not?
But negativity and nothingness?
 O speak, and let me know,
And let me know, and let me know.
Is there any knowledge for finite minds to know?
Did ever man know anything?
 Its murmuring answer "No,"
From gurgling depths below
It seems to come and go;
"No, no, no, no;
Thou canst not know,
 Till thou out from this life do go."
And the river's murmuring flow
Tells me, if I would but go
Down its steep steps, beneath its depths,
 That I might know.
And then, in murmurs low—

That back I might not go,
Nor trace my footsteps o'er,
For life could be no more,

If it did know.

"I'll dive into thy depths." I cry;
"Thou'l take no more than life? I'll die."
I plunge; 'tis cold, 'tis passing cold;
All's dark, but downward still I hold

My course from high.

I and myself are parting ways.
For light I see which quick doth daze

My spirit eye.—

My mind's perception part.
And yet I do not know,
But its increasing glow
Doth light me as I go
Deep down thy depths below.

O Mystery!

And though I yet can't know,
Its increase, ever slow.

Grows bright for me.

My soul's dark ignorance
Soon changed with its sharp glance,
Now soon will see.

Now something whispers low,
And seems to speak or show

What I did ask.

And do I dream or hear?
'Tis faint, and never clear:

"Life is change—

All change is life—

All action's change.

Matter itself, it cannot change nor changed be—

All things we feel and see do change,
Hence all things live.
If they live not themselves, their PARTS do live,
For THEY do change.
They move—there! there is life.
The log decaying on the ground doth live;
For, dying and decaying so,
Its living molecules do show,
In changes which they undergo,
The life atomic of its composition.
There's but one elemental life;
There is but one life's element.
The many elements we know
Are but the many changes in
The life of this prime element—
But different forms of life—of change.
There is no death, for death
Itself is but the change of life.

All change is progress—
All progress growth—
All growth is life.

Man does not die;
His life does make a change,
Not simply in its habitation,
But gives itself up unto other life.

And time—there's no such thing;
'Tis but the idea of a mind that does not know;
And it itself it does not know.
For where did it begin, and whither will it go?

And space—
There is no space;
For what's beyond this space,
If there be space?

The human mind, imperfect, weak, and small,
Makes for itself this time, this space, this all,
Because it cannot know. It must not fall.
When man shall die he shall but wake
From his long sleep. Then he shall know,
And then to him a thousand years
Shall be but as a day, for time
Shall be no more."

And, as life's problems brighter grow,
Down 'neath the depths of Mystery's stream
The distant light comes nearer, and
I see no more the black depths of
Thy form, O Mystery! so dread!

But brighter grows the light; around
About I go with motion quick
And fast into its depths, and merge
Into itself. And I am light—
I see—at last I know.

ALYN O'DARE.

January, 1900



F fresh air don't help you then you are sick.
F these breezy lines hurt you -- you had better get right.
Don't get mad. It is the hit dog that barks.

THE VERY IDEA

KINCKLE SHOE CO.

Fitters of Feet



Agents for "Sorosis" Shoes



Mrs. King's Baby Shoes

— a Specialty —

Number 810 Main Street

WM. D. DIUGUID

GEORGE A. DIUGUID

SAMPSON DIUGUID

Phone 111
Established 1847

W. D. DIUGUID, Successor to G. A. DIUGUID & SONS

Funeral Director and Embalmer.

P. O. Box 33
616 Main Street

R. W. THURMAN & SON



Everything in the Electric Line

625 Main Street

 If You Want Right
Printing Write Wright



WM. R. WRIGHT

Moved to Old City Offices 1011 Main Street Phone 2312

Hanging Without Law

WE refer to PAPER, not necessarily yellow, either. The most artistic and up-to-date patterns in Wall Paper are to be found in our shop. ✕ ✕ ✕ ✕

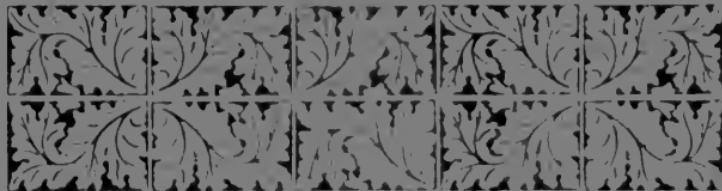
SHOLES BROS., Paper Hangers

EIGHTH STREET

TO ADVERTISERS—Some of the advertisements in this number were written by the Editor himself. Perhaps you can tell which. If you want an “Idea” in Ad-writing write him, and then don’t spoil it by changing it overmuch.

THIS is the first No.
of "THE IDEA!"

Your subscription will
be appreciated. It will
help us much in our
fight against existing
evils. *The Editor*



The IDEA



The Idea

A REBEL YELL

Vol. I

August, 1906.

No. 1

ADON A. YODER, Editor and Publisher
Lancaster, Pa.



COMES OUT TWICE
EACH YEAR AND
PAYS HERE U.S.A.

Order
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ANY WHERE
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Send Copy of this - we will then price you up
according to your wants.



The Very Idea!

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"To Sleep: Perchance to Dream"

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MY PRICES ARE RIGHT

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1011 MAIN STREET PHONE 2312

I WANT 1,000 DOLLARS

Wherewith to help put a
\$1500 House on a \$500
Lot. I'll give you six per
cent., but no more

Address H. W., care of "The Idea"

IEDMONT

"IS THE BEST."

Write for Catalogue

Piedmont Business College,
Lynchburg, Va.

In session all the year, but will
have a Special Fall Opening on
September 10th.

This is your opportunity. Full
information furnished on inquiry.

IEDMONT

"IS THE BEST."

Write for Catalogue

Piedmont Business College,
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THE VERY IDEA

of going elsewhere when you
can get the best at

1023 Main
Street

CHEATHAM &
MALONEY'S

CLOTHIERS, Men's & Boys' OUTFITTERS

Do You Ever Think

that it would pay you in selecting
Sash, Doors, Blinds and Building Material
to consider Quality in connection with Price?

If you do, this ad's for U
GET THE IDEA ?

Wm. O. Taylor, 916-920 Church St.

The Idea

Gotten Out at Lynchburg, Va., by Adon A. Yoder.

TO that Rebel of Rebels, and Revolutionist of
Revolutionists, in Virginia, Home of Rebellion
and Secession, and Mother to those who dare to
war against oppression;

To NATHANIEL BACON

First of his line, and forerunner of the American
Revolutionists,
this the second number of the "Idea" is
affectionately dedicated,
in the month of August and from the founding of the
Colony the Year 300.

The Idea

Vol. 1

AUGUST, 1906

No. 2

Gotten up by the Minority in the
Interests of the Majority, and Edited
and Published by Adon A. Yoder.

LAMENTATION

“No, no, I must say “never,” ”
And turns her graceful head,
“And we must part forever?” ”
Then these last words I said,
“Love lives though duty sever,
And I will love though dead.” ”



Out in the cold, cold night,
Out on the hills of God,
I’m wandering away
From the brightness of day,
To sleep my long sleep ‘neath the sod.

Out in the black, black night;
Out in the darkness alone;
And never a bed
Where to lay down my head,
And never a pillow but stone.

Out in the drear, drear night;
For the moon has hidden her face,
And the stars that were mine
Have now ceased to shine,
And the clouds have taken their place.

And Oh! that a sound I might hear,
A voice to awaken my gloom,
Or a faint beam of light
To scatter my night
And wrest my sad heart from the tomb.

But never! never! never!
Beats my weary soul,
As ever, ever, ever,
The endless ages roll,
And naught my bonds can sever,
And naught my life console.

—ALLYN O'DARE.

Lynchburg, Va.



When the "Idea" came out Mr. J. P. Bell got a copy and read it. When he saw me he told me that The Bell Co. would not have printed it for me if he had known of it, because he had always been friendly disposed to Mr. Glass, and had even gotten him a position when he was a young man, and had later bought out the morning paper of the town and turned it over to Mr. Glass, and endorsed his note for three thousand dollars to pay for it because Mr. Glass did not have the money.

Mr. Bell, being too sick to call on Mr. Glass, called him up by 'phone and asked him to call by his home on his way into town the next morning. Mr. Glass promised to do so. The next morning he drove by without stopping. Mr. Bell, sick tho he was, got up and went down town, found Mr. Glass and told him that he wanted to talk to him. Mr. Glass replied that he had rather see him at his home. I understand that he has not seen him at his home yet. That day, however, Mr. Glass entered suit against the Bell Co. for twenty-five thousand dollars.



I am not worth twenty-five thousand dollars, neither will the "Idea" be scared out of existence.



In the little fight which the "Idea" started, I had hardly expected such universal moral support as the whole community has shown. I was willing to lose a little money to have my little say once. But so widespread has been the approval that has met this first attempt that I want to take space here to express my sincere thanks to the people of Lynchburg (and elsewhere), for the many kind words of commendation which have so whelmed me in the last few weeks. I have received innumerable communications, many enclosing subscriptions to the "Idea," from all over

Virginia and from other states as well, even from far away Colorado, and New York, New Jersey, North Carolina and the District of Columbia, written mostly by former Lynchburgers, felicitating the town on the prospect of better things. For these I am indeed grateful. And the ladies, who can always be found on the right side when a moral issue presents, and who have been so quick to offer a word of encouragement—to you my hat is off in grateful appreciation. But enough for now. I only hope that the future numbers of the "Idea" may merit the same approval.



I would like for some city official to tell me just how much the Traction and Light Co. has ever been charged back for the lights that failed to "go off." At times for several nights in succession the lamps have failed to light up out in my section of the town and the complaints have gotten frequent of late. And then the lamps often go for several days without a globe so that when they are lit they are of little service.



I wonder why the city gives away the dirt from Floyd Street to private citizens when Tenth Street near by needs it so badly. Poor management, that's all.

WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT IT.

“And it’s all true, too.”

“Let the good work go on.”

“The half has never yet been told.”

“It looks like good stuff to me.”—Elbert Hubbard.

“It sho wuz funny. Warn’t it?”—Elevator boy.

“I don’t see how they can get a lie bill against you when you haven’t told any lies.”

“I don’t see but one mistake. He ACCUSED Carter Glass of being a member of the Council.”

“I reckon Mr. Hubbard, down here at the machine works, wrote it. I see his name in it right often.”—Mike Day.

News Reporter: “Lynchburg can’t support another paper.”

The Other: “It can support ONE, tho.”

I am prepared to announce that plans are already being made to start a daily paper here. It will take some time to get all things under way and it will be several months before the first number appears. Next month we hope to be able to announce something definite.

Meanwhile I rejoice to note that the dailies we already have have been sufficiently aroused to let us have a little relief from the monotony and inactivity of the past. A recent issue of the Advance actually had an editorial concerning the existence of houses of ill-fame, and both the papers have been surprisingly active in publishing complaints of the citizens concerning the car service, city lights and police department.

• • •

I rejoice to note that my little sermonizing has not been in vain. Only we want a paper that will do such things without being PERSUADED to. I have heard kicks for years, but almost invariably the next remark would be, "But what's the use kicking, you can't get a hearing through the papers." Others have written to the News, and after making their say just as tame as possible, what they wrote was never printed, or, when it was, it was hidden over in the advertisements where it was almost impossible to find.

Even when Senator Thomas was making such a patriotic fight against the telephone franchise, what he had to say was given an obscure heading in a very obscure place on a back page, and a few days after prominent citizens told me that they had not even seen the article. If this had happened most anywhere else, it would have been printed on the first page in big display type because it concerned the welfare of the people.



Now about Colston Blackford. He's a member of the City Council and also a stockholder of the Traction Company which enjoys the franchise of the city. Now, I fail to see how he can "serve two masters." He ought to be man enough to give up either one job or the other. I like Mr. Blackford, but you see I am selfish. As one of the people I am looking after the PEOPLE'S interest. Now, if he don't want to resign may be the people of his ward can help him.



When I heard of that suit against The Bell Company for twenty-five thousand I stood on my head in the floor. Not because I rejoiced at Mr. Glass's discomfiture, but because I realized that I was getting all of that advertizing "free, gratis, for nothing."

Out on Pierce Street, between 15th and 16th Streets, there is a gully six feet deep which a resident of that section tells me has not been filled up for thirteen years, and it is not on one of our impassably steep hills either. The citizens in some places have built bridges across this gully to get to their houses. Water stagnates in the deep holes of this gully and the residents think that this has been the cause of the unusual number of cases of fever in the neighborhood. At the funeral on this block of an infant who died from fever, a hack turned over in this ditch. And yet Lynchburg is a wealthy town, and can afford to pull up beautiful new pressed brick sidewalks on Floyd Street, at a useless expense to the taxpayers, in order to put down cement walks.

Now, this is but one of the hundreds of instances of bad management on the part of city officials. The city's affairs are not economically managed. You see, nothing worthy of their notice has ever been allowed to appear to make the city officials touchous or careful in the expenditure of city monies.

Now, the people here think that the newspapers are very largely to blame for this state of affairs. I cannot remember ever seeing an editorial in either of our papers that even dared to criticize the acts of a single city official, and tho such articles may have

appeared they have been so rare that it is a common belief among the citizens that if they should desire to make any kind of a complaint that would blame anybody, they could not get a hearing through the local papers.

I myself have written articles intended for the daily papers, but did not offer them for print for the reason that I was told by those who had sent in such articles that they had been turned down.

This is the reason why my suggestion in the "Idea" to start a newspaper here has met with such universal approval and why I am able to announce that one will appear as soon as plans can be formulated.



A correspondent wants the "Idea" to suggest a name for Congress, saying, "The people will bring him out." We will be glad to hear nominations.



I write the subject matter of this little affair to suit myself and not to keep from offending any possible advertisers. Because a concern advertises in this magazine is no argument that the advertiser agrees with what I have to say. I don't ask anybody to agree with me.

Advertising is a business proposition. The subject

matter of the "Idea" is just my private opinion. I am not dependent on the advertisers in getting out the "Idea." If anybody thinks it's a good medium I'll be delighted to let them have a limited space at a very moderate price of five dollars a page for each insertion. Five thousand copies will be distributed this month, and perhaps even ten thousand. Everybody can't advertise in the "Idea." Whiskey can't get a hearing. If you see anything advertised here you may know that I at least think it is all right.

And remember that this is beautiful, expensive bond paper, printed in three colors, by printers that know their business. And I had to send away to get that outlandishly red cover, too.



To kick or to be kicked. That is the question.



To be or just to seem, that is the idea. "Esse quam videri."



"Think well of everybody—even doctors, lawyers and preachers—for they are all acting according to their highest light."—Hubbard.



"D-E-L-A-Y A-D-V-A-N-C-E, T-W-O C-E-N-T-S."

If you have a copy of the first number of the "Idea" you had better take it home and put it in the bottom of a desk or bureau drawer or trunk. They sold for twenty-five cents apiece the day after they came out and the price still goes up. Some day, when the town gets right, it will do you good to look back and see what a little thing did it.



Now it came to pass on this wise. I was called to be a preacher, but I missed my calling. I mean this: I started to preach from the pulpit, but I found it would be hard to tell the people who were paying me to preach that they were grand rascals, even if they were. "An opportunity is a call of God," and I do not think that the pulpit affords the opportunity of freedom of speech that the press does. The Lynchburg "News" has a greater opportunity to do good than all the preachers in Lynchburg put together have. ERGO, it is called upon to do something and it has an attendant responsibility. Do you get the Idea?



Now, when I wrote the first number of the "Idea" I had no idea that the statements made would be even questioned, because in the main they were and had

been for years the talk of the town. It occurred to me that the people would read perhaps and drop it with the remark that they knew it all before. Therefore, thinking that my audience would be only those who knew the facts about as well as I did, I was not as careful as I would have been if I thought I was going to be heard anywhere except at home.



But I did make a mistake which in the minds of most people did not amount to much, but which if carefully examined means more than I intended.

Now, I said that Mr. Glass was a member of the Council and bought from the Council. The fact is that he was not a voting member of the Council and therefore could not be held accountable for the acts of the Council. He was, however, clerk of the Council, and therefore he was more in touch with the acts of the Council than were some of the members even, for he had the editing of the proceedings of the body. Besides this, he owned both the papers, and both these papers were conspicuously quiet when everybody wanted to know all about the affair.

When, about a week after the "Idea" came out, I saw the way the article would appear to those who did not know the particulars by my making the mis-statement that Mr. Glass was a member of the Council,

I of course wrote Mr. Glass retracting that statement, and below you will find the correspondence which speaks for itself. From the tone of the letters you may form your own conclusions. "To err is human." I don't claim divinity. I may make mistakes in this number, but if they are no greater than that, they won't amount to much.

•

Lynchburg, Va., July 17, 1906.

Mr. Carter Glass,

Editor of the News,

City.

Dear Sir:—In view of the events of the last few days in reference to the "Idea," the contents of which, as editor and publisher, I am solely responsible for, I deem it my duty both to you and the J. P. Bell Co. to make this statement which I trust you will publish in the "News."

In the first place, I hasten to say that I made a mistake in a statement I made in the "Idea," the importance of which in its bearing on the question involved I did not see until the last few hours, or it would have had my attention earlier. I saw on the morning that the paper appeared that I had erred in stating that you were a member of the Council, but I did not realize then that the fact of

your being clerk instead of an elected member altered the situation. I now see that it puts an entirely different light on the subject, and I trust that no man shall be quicker and more thorough in his retraction after he has found out his error than I.

In my attempt to arouse sentiment for a more public spirited paper, I felt that it was my duty to expose the public acts of public servants who were still holding public offices if those public acts were wrong and if by exposing them I could accomplish a beneficent purpose. Had I realized when I wrote that you were not a voting member of the Council and were in no way responsible for the acts of that body, I of course would not have written that article, and I take this means to assure you that it gives me pleasure, tainted only by the regret that I have done you an injustice, to make not only this amend for whatever errors or mistakes I have made, but to make on any and every occasion public acknowledgement of the same as the occasion may offer.

In the second place, the printers have had to suffer because I failed to put my name as editor and publisher on the magazine. Altho I did attempt to have a certain air of secrecy concerning the authorship of the "Idea," I never once thought of making it so concealed that anyone would have any trouble whatever in ascertaining the writer. I had told so many people

about it before it appeared, that before I had received half the copies from the printer on the day it came out nearly everybody who read it knew that I was the editor, whereas there was not the slightest attempt to conceal the fact that I was the publisher.

My sole reason for any secrecy at all was the same reason that prompts any writer to adopt a nom-de-plume, namely, modesty. Further, the nom-de-plume that I used in connection with the verse in the number of the "Idea" referred to is the same that I used on many occasions in the past in the "News" and in the Richmond papers.

May I state further that not one member of the firm of the J. P. Bell Co. knew what the subject matter of the "Idea" was until it was out. Mr. Dulaney, who priced the printing to me, finding that I was very particular as to the kinds of ink and paper to be used and being very busy himself, directed me to go direct to the foremen of the different departments, and the "Idea" was bound before Mr. Dulaney read it. It has been suggested that the contents of this letter could be used against me to advantage in a suit or otherwise. I want it known that no fear of consequences will restrain me from doing my duty to one to whom I have done an injustice.

A. A. YODER.

THE NEWS
Editorial Department.

Lynchburg, Va., July 20, 1906.

Mr. Adon A. Yoder,

Lynchburg, Va.

Sir:—I have your letter of the 17th inst., retracting, regretting and admitting the injustice of certain of the offensive personal references to me made in an anonymous pamphlet issued from the presses of the J. P. Bell Company of this city, the authorship of which pamphlet you acknowledge.

I note your request that I publish in THE NEWS your withdrawal of the charge made in the pamphlet concerning a business transaction in which I was engaged eight years ago, and your attempted exoneration of the J. P. Bell Company from culpability in the premises.

Responding specifically to these points in your letter, I have to say that the charge you retract and for which you offer to apologize publicly is not by any means the only or most objectionable misrepresentation concerning me contained in the pamphlet. You have charged, in terms, that I am "controlled by the Lynchburg Traction and Light Company," and have quite as broadly intimated that there is between that Company and my newspaper a despicable and corrupt collusion to

suppress facts and withhold proper comments upon the conduct of said Company.

These charges are as untrue as the one you retract, and a casual inspection of the recent files of THE NEWS or the most incidental inquiry would have sufficed to show the vice of your suggestion.

In your letter you profess willingness to make amends for whatever "errors or mistakes" you have made, as well as to make public acknowledgement thereof. If you are as anxious as you profess to be to do me no injustice and to right any wrong already done me, your retraction should embrace unqualifiedly all the misrepresentations of fact concerning me contained in the pamphlet; otherwise you can scarcely expect me to publish your letter, because, by confining your retraxit specifically to only one of a series of misstatements of fact, you but reiterate the rest.

I do not feel concerned about your criticisms of the course of THE NEWS so far as such criticisms are not based upon misstatements of fact involving my personal character, and such a retraction as I have indicated will, if made, be published in THE NEWS.

As to the J. P. Bell Company, it has expressed no regret and offered no apology for its part in publishing these defamatory charges; but as I am informed asserts its right to print whatever it is paid to print about

anybody, no matter how seriously such publication may affect the reputation of a citizen. In view of this remarkable attitude, I have taken the only course as to this Company which seems to promise me redress and vindication.

Respectfully,

CARTER GLASS.

Lynchburg, Va., July 24, 1906.

Mr. Carter Glass,

City.

Dear Sir:—In reply to your letter of the 20th, the tone of which to say the least is unworthy of the occasion, I have to say that inasmuch as the "Idea" did not charge that YOU were controlled by the Lynchburg Traction and Light Co., nor make any other statements the untruth of which I am aware of, I of course have nothing further to retract.

I do want to say, however, that the magazine was written with no such animus as you seem to attribute to me, and that personally I have never had any ill-feeling towards you, and I think that if you will take time to re-read it you will see that the motive which is apparent throughout the whole number is anything but VICE.

I feel that the people have a grievance and the "Idea" was on the defensive of them of whom I am

one, rather than on the offensive to you, or anybody else.

Respectfully,

A. A. YODER.



Mr. Dingee is certainly right. We can't afford to let the Car Company build their barns right down on Main Street.



Not long ago officer Plunkett, in charge of the chain gang, was relieved of pay for ten days' work for chastising a negro whose actions threatened insurrection on the gang. Soon after, a young fellow chained to TWO policemen got obstreperous and unruly and was beat with clubs by the police. The prisoner was fined ten dollars. I fail to see any justice to Mr. Plunkett. In fact, I fail to find any justice in our police courts any way. A prisoner is bulldozed and browbeaten and always treated as a proven criminal until he can establish his innocence; whereas he should be treated as innocent till he is proven guilty. Of course, though, if you happen to be a gambler who enjoys the SOCIETY of the town and your den is broken into, you are let off as easily as possible and your respectable name does not even appear in the columns of the paper. It would not do to publish such names.

In this democratic (?) town how you are treated depends on who you are.



This number of the "Idea" has been unavoidably delayed about two weeks. In the future the issue for each month will appear about the fifteenth. 50c. a year till the price goes up.



The cartoon that was to appear in this issue was not ready in time. It will be in the next (September) number.



My friend Mr. Reese says: "I don't understand it. They can make a law that applies to poor white folks and niggers, but it won't apply to corporations."



Judging from the long array of council retained by the "News" in the suit against the J. P. Bell Co., it looks like Mr. Glass must think he has a very poor chance at getting judgment, to monopolize the lawyers, including Mr. Lee who has had more to say against Mr. Glass both publicly and privately than the "Idea" ever dared to say. No, it would not do to have Mr. Lee against him now, oh, no.

Perhaps the most travelled spot in Lynchburg is the intersection of Twelfth and Main Streets, and yet the four corners at this intersection are occupied by bar-rooms. Now, if there be anybody that thinks that this is "suitable and appropriate," let him stand on his head, for I just want to see what he looks like; yet Judge Christian, who grants these licenses, must according to law be "fully satisfied that the place is a suitable and appropriate" one. Now I think that the time has come that we were having a judge who has a sufficient appreciation of the value to the community of the morality of its young men and of the virtue and sense of decency of its young women to keep such a vile thing as a bar-room, certainly, at least, off from the most public spot in the main business street of the town. But Judge Christian has been a judge so long that he has got SOT in his ways. He always was a judge of good liquor and now as a Judge of the Corporation Court he has to carry his past sense of "appropriate"-ness with him.



Send in your subscription to the "Idea" to-day. 50c. a year till the price goes up. If you believe in the betterment of Lynchburg this is a good way to show it. Address, Adon A. Yoder, Editor and Publisher.

I 'lowed they would wake up. Don't you know they actually fined a woman one hundred dollars on the 10th of the month for keeping a house of ill fame on Jefferson Street, but we are not informed that she had to stop running the same old joint that has been used for the same purpose for many years.



L is a lawyer named Lee,
A hot-shot, unshackled and free;
He loves the oppressed,
The poor and distressed,
But reflects—"to the car-barn for me."



G's for an editor glorious,
Ripping and snorting uproarious,
Who buried himself
In political pelf,
And gobbled the lawyers stentorius.



VALUABLE material had to be left out of this number on account of more **IMPORTANT** stuff. We are glad to say that we already have on hand some good ideas for the September number, which will shortly be out.



"A hit dog will bark." Be there any dogs around?

“It is easier under the lame and halting criminal procedure of the American States for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than to put a rich man in the penitentiary for crimes against the public. But that is no reason why the effort should not be made if he is guilty.”—Folk, of Missouri.



I nominate Justice Brewer of the Supreme Court for President in 1908 on the Republican, Democratic, Socialist or Independent ticket. Party don't make any difference; the people, like Diogenes, are looking for a man.



And did not that preacher rake Ninth Street in the “News” the other day! Just keep the ball rolling.



No, this is not yellow journalism. It's red hot.



I love the wild race with the hounds on the chase,

But I love not the murder of game;
I glory to fight for honor and right,
But I love neither honors nor fame.

Lynchburg Piano Co.

SOLE AGENTS
IN THIS TERRITORY
FOR
KNABE PIANOS

921 MAIN STREET

JEHU WILLIAMS

H.E. DeWitt

LUMBER Sash, Blinds and Doors

Lowest Prices--Highest
Quality. ————— We
don't count on Big Profits

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the greatest sat-
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Home Furniture . *for Her*
Office Furniture . *for You*
We have it . *but We'll Trade*
Cash or Credit . *as You like it*
A. A. McCorkle, 1022 Main

The First Number of The Idea

WHEN the import of the misstatement in THE IDEA in regard to Mr. Glass was seen by the Editor he immediately withheld from sale the few copies on hand until this number could come out to make the correction. While they last you may get one for 50 cents.
Address : : : : THE IDEA, Lynchburg, Va.

The Will White Dry Goods Company

Visit the corner store. Strictly up-to-date in every particular. Shoes, Ladies' ready-to-wear Millinery, Dry Goods, and all kinds of Fancy Novelties. We make a specialty of samples at a great reduction.

The Barry Shoe for men at \$3.00, \$3.50 and \$4.00.

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Nearly Everybody Eats Candy
Everybody would if they knew
Pete's Candy Kitchen

The very best of Everything in Fruits
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get a cooling drink

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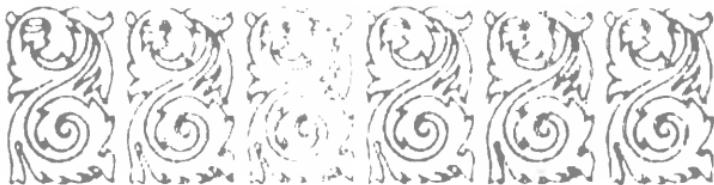
If good advertising pays then it doesn't pay not to do good advertising

SOME REASONS WHY THIS IS A GOOD ADVERTISER

- ¶ It's cheap (to you). Only five dollars a page.
- ¶ Circulation 5,000 copies a month, or more.
- ¶ It is attractively gotten up on bond paper, in beautiful tho outlandish colors, attractive tho neat, red hot tho conservative, and
- ¶ What is best of all, the people will read it, anyhow.



HIS is the second number of "The Idea." Your subscription will help us much in our fight against existing evils. Fifty cents a year, five cents a copy, 'till the price goes up.



THE IDEA



The Idea

A REBEL YELL

Vol. 1

September, 1906

No. 3

BEING some sermonettes gotten up anywhere, anyhow, anywhere, as the spirit moves, and published monthly 

ADON A. YODER, Editor and Publisher
LYNCHBURG, VA.

5c a Copy or 50c a Year till the price goes up

Copyright, 1906 by Adon A. Yoder

The Very Idea!



CALL — 2-4-8 — FOR

Sanitary Plumbing and
High Grade Enamel Ware

T. C. Moseley

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Agent for Roberts' Germ Proof Filter

"TO SLEEP: PERCHANCE TO DREAM"

HOW BLISSFUL ON A BED FROM

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WE ALSO SELL BABY CARTS,
REFRIGERATORS, ETC.

REAMS & CO. - 618-620 MAIN

 IF YOU WANT RIGHT
PRINTING WRITE WRIGHT

MY PRICES ARE RIGHT

Wm. R. Wright

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1011 MAIN STREET PHONE 2312

LYNCHBURG STEAM LAUNDRY

409 and 411 Court St.

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PROMPT DELIVERY

GIVE US 

THE VERY IDEA

of going elsewhere when you
can get the best at
1023 Main
Street

**CHEATHAM &
MALONEY'S**

CLOTHIERS, Men's & Boys' OUTFITTERS

Do You Ever Think

that it would pay you in selecting
Sash, Doors, Blinds and Building Material
to consider Quality in connection with Price?

If you do, this ad's for U
GET THE IDEA ?

Wm. O. Taylor, 916-920 Church St.

The Old Family Dentifrice

A prime favorite in the homes of people
who discriminate.



HOUSANDS of jimcrack dentifrices have come and gone, but Sozodont has gone proudly on through sixty years or more of popular favor. Always most modern, always safest and surest, an honest dentifrice of full value. Those who have stood by Sozodont have their reward in fine, strong teeth that are destined to last a lifetime.

A dentifrice absolutely free from acid and grit and any injurious substance, and one of delicious, penetrating and lasting fragrance is Sozodont.

You can never know the delights of Sozodont until you have tried it.

Three forms, liquid, powder, and paste, at every Toilet Counter, or by mail for the price, 25c.

HALL & RUCKEL
NEW YORK CITY

The Idea

Gotten Out at Lynchburg, Va., by Adon A. Yoder.

TO THOMAS JEFFERSON, "Author of the Declaration of American Independence, of the statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom, and Father of the University of Virginia,"

Founder of political, religious and mental freedom;

Noblest Virginian of them all,

Greatest American of them all,

The Most Radical of a Radical Age,

A Rebel of the Ruddiest Hue,

And Most Sympathetic of Men,

This the Third Number of the "Idea" is affectionately dedicated,

In the Month of September,

And from the birth of the Union, the one hundred and thirty-first year.

The Idea

Vol. 1

SEPTEMBER, 1906

No. 3

Gotten up by the Minority in the
Interests of the Majority, and Edited
and Published by Adon A. Yoder.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of Liberty,
 Of thee I sing.
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride;
From every mountain side
 Let freedom ring.

TEXT:

"You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."—Jesus.

When you were a boy did you ever sling any mud? Well, some boys who have not had the proper training will sometimes engage in that dirty pastime. But it is poor fun. You can't aim well with it, the nasty stuff sticks to your hands, you get it all over your clothes, you can't throw it far enough to hit the other fellow unless he is in the same mud-hole, and then, worst of all, when you get home you get a whipping.

Well, Kyarter Grass, not knowing any better, got to slinging mud the other day, and even got behind a fence to do it, (the fence of failure to mention the name of the party aimed at,) and being so careful not to peep over this fence his aim was, of course, not true, so no one got soiled save himself. He TORE HIS PANTS awfully, and just ruined his clothes, and worst of all for him, his home folks in Lynchburg say that when he comes home (at election time this fall) he is going to get a whipping.



Now, there are some people here who think that the Idea ought to administer a little flogging on its own account, but we don't want to soil our hands (we are not his daddy, anyhow,) and we don't use mud when we do our fighting. The truth is weapon enough for us, and some of that about Kyarter is so bad that we refrain from using it.

Fact is, we would not even QUOTE in the Idea such language as is characteristic of Mr. Grass' writings. The Idea, unlike other papers we know in Lynchburg, is too clean a sheet to be defiled with such rot. Then, the paper it is printed on is so pretty and the inks so harmonious that it would spoil the beaty of the whole affair. (An expert printer tells us that the July Idea is the finest piece of work the Bell Company ever got out.) Then, too, the Editor has never done anything of the kind and don't care to offend a kind and grateful public which has already given so many assurances that it is extremely anxious to see the Idea an even greater success.



To those who think we ought to condescend to the same tactics that the News has used, let us say that the Idea is published in the interests of CLEAN government and CLEANLINESS in all things, and in fighting for the betterment of the public affairs we do not propose to roll in the mud.



It is not our object to usurp this space for personalities. If persons are wrong, we will make the facts public and leave the remedy to the voting of the people. If a rattler gets in our way we may kill the snake—we will state the facts—but we won't waste

any of our valuable space or time in cussing out the snake.



Now, many of the readers of the Idea don't read the News and do not know that Mr. Grass vented his spleen on the balmy atmosphere of a recent Sunday morning. You just ought to get that paper if you want to learn some more cuss words. It furnishes a verification of the old adage, "A little chimney soon heated."

You will doubtless note some discrepancies between the statements of the News and the Idea. "Now somebody done lied." We are willing to let it rest with the people of Lynchburg as to who did it.

Any readers of the editorial in question will get a bad enough opinion of Mr. Grass without our saying any more about it. It speaks for itself, and our contention from the start has been that Mr. Grass' paper is his greatest accuser, both by its sins of omission and of commission.



The four busiest spots in Lynchburg are:

First, corner Ninth and Main.

Second, corner Twelfth and Main.

Third, between Seventh and Eighth streets, switch where Depot, Rivermont and Twelfth street cars meet.

Fourth, near corner of Fifth and Main..

There are three barrooms within about fifteen steps of the corner of Ninth and Main, and many more nearby. Judge Christian says this is suitable and appropriate.

All the corners at Twelfth and Main are taken by barrooms. Judge Christian (a church official) says this is suitable and appropriate.

At the switch, between Seventh and Eighth, as you step on the sidewalk from the cars, you face two barrooms, adjoining each other, and three more on the other side of the street. Judge Christian says this is suitable and appropriate.

And lastly, opposite the new Academy of Music and between it and Fifth Street on Main, the City Council says it is suitable and appropriate for the Traction Company to put their car sheds, right in the heart of the city, and to lay fourteen rails across the sidewalk to endanger the lives of pedestrians and ruin the looks of this part of our beautiful city. And the City Council did this in spite of the fact that the sentiment of the people, although they had no way of publicly expressing it, was apparently universally against such action. Why did they do it? We wonder why, and echo answers, "wonder why?" Why did not the News and the Advance oppose it? As we have said

before, the interests of the Traction Company appear to be the interests of Mr. Glass' papers.

And still we wonder why! We wonder why!



NEWSBOY TURNED OFF BY MR. GLASS' PAPER FOR CARRYING THE TIMES-DISPATCH.

William Richards, who has been carrying papers in the afternoons for the Advance and who had gotten up a very good route, went around to the office as usual the other day for his papers. When his time came the Advance representative asked him if he had also accepted a job carrying papers for the Times-Dispatch. He replied that he had. He was immediately told that he could not get any more papers there. Richards went out and bought from other boys enough to supply his customers and keep them from disappointment.

He is now kept busy when he has time taking subscriptions for the Idea. He also keeps up his paper carrying for the Times-Dispatch.



But what do you think of Mr. Glass for permitting such management of his paper as to let an unusually bright and manly boy lose his job just because he carried papers for a competing publication at another

time? And we have heard of other instances of this same thing, but as we hurry to press we have not time to verify them. How is this for picayunishness, littleness, persecution? Does Mr. Glass think he owns the boy just because he employs him for an hour each afternoon, Mr. Glass, the democrat, who believes in **FREEDOM OF ACTION**, who is opposed to **MONOPOLIES** and **TRUSTS** and **RESTRAINT OF COMPETITION!** Down with such a **REPRESENTATIVE (?)** for the people of the Old Dominion, cradle of American Liberty and resistance to tyranny.



On the — day of August the Board of Aldermen of the city met for the purpose of voting on a proposed ordinance, which had already been passed by the City Council, to grant the Traction and Light Company the privilege of ruining Main Street, between Fifth and Sixth, by the erection of car sheds there and by the laying of seven or eight tracks from the main line into said sheds, thereby cutting up the street and making it of very little service and very much damage to the citizens. When the Council passed the ordinance we had asked two prominent citizens what they thought of the action of that body. Their replies, which were made within a few minutes of each other, were identi-

cally the same, namely, "They can get anything they want." Inasmuch as the News did not publish the names of the Councilmen who voted for and against the measure, and since the citizens seemed unanimously opposed to the action taken, we, in order to get and publish for the citizens who were interested the names of the Aldermen who voted for and against the bill, attended the meeting of the Board in the Krise building. There were present beside the Board, Messrs. Jack Lee and Judge Horsely, both counsel for the Traction Company.

After the purpose of the meeting had been stated by Mr. King, the question arose whether it was necessary or not to read the ordinance as presented. Mr. Lee then informed the members present that the copies which some of them had with them, and which had been furnished by Mr. Lee, was the ordinance proposed and the body passed over the reading of the ordinance.

Mr. Ned Miller then asked a few technical questions and while he yet held the floor, Mr. Lee, without getting permission to address the body or even addressing the chairman, volunteered and explained the points in question, and after a few rambling remarks the ordinance was unanimously passed by the body.

Now, there are two points I want to make:

First, the people of Lynchburg have a right to demand of their law-makers that they know what they are voting for. In this instance they simply took the word of Mr. Lee that the papers which he (Mr. Lee) had furnished them were correct and accurate copies of the proposed bill. Now, I submit it to the people of Lynchburg that this is no way for their representatives to transact their business. In this instance the copy may have been an exact one, but the principle is a diabolical one. The very idea of the body voting on a measure to grant privileges to a corporation and using the corporation attorney's word as a foundation for their action!

In the second place, no one, not even a member, should be allowed to address the body, certainly to influence the vote on such important matters, without first obtaining permission of the presiding officer. On the other hand one would gather from the proceedings that the body was met simply to do the will of the Traction Company as directed by Mr. Lee. He dominated the meeting. He answered the questions propounded and explained to the members just what the ordinance meant, and they took his explanation and voted as he wished. It took just fourteen minutes to pass the ordinance through and adjourn. "Cut and dried," did you say?

Now, I doubt seriously whether the members of that body have any realization of their responsibility to the people, or are even responsible for such a state of affairs.

Everything, even life itself, is a matter of habit, and our city has been baldy governed so long that it can not easily get over the habit. The blame lies deeper. The men who compose the body are as a rule our most high-minded business men, but—the actions of our law-makers have never been openly and fearlessly reported to the people by our daily papers and our councilmen and aldermen have thus become lax and careless, simply because the people never have been able to make any public demonstration of their unwillingness to swallow anything proposed by said bodies.

Neither do we blame the people. Only nominally have they ever had a voice in the city affairs.

From now on, however, the situation changes. The Idea will ever be the voice of the people until the public-spirited daily which we have promised appears. The paper will report back to you the AYES and NAYS on questions of public pith and moment. We will let you know exactly how they vote, and we will make public your desires if you will write us. In the future, if your councilman does not represent you, find a man that will and we will see to it that you get a hearing.

Let us suggest further that you do not wait till it is too late. Now is the time to look around you for a representative man to voice the sentiments of the MAJORITY, as against class, in the management of city affairs. Write the Idea now. And we will go farther: Before we are through with it we expect to see an organization of the citizens, the main object of which shall be to nominate men to run for the city offices and councils.

We are in the fight to a finish. The people must rule. It's up to YOU, the PEOPLE, from now on.

If things don't suit you now you can kick and get a hearing.

From now on rascality has got to step down and out.

Bad management has got to step down and out.

Political bossism has got to step down and out.

We will have clean government in Lynchburg. The die is cast. The fight is on.

“Lay on Macduff,

And damned be he who first cries ‘Hold, enough!’ ”

• • •

Since the Idea came out the Times-Dispatch has opened an office here and we are informed has already taken 1,200 subscribers.

Behold how a great matter a little spark kindleth!

ANOTHER POINT.

Lynchburgers have to pay \$5.00 a year for the News, which is nearly twice as much as out-of-town subscribers have to pay. How is that for making the people at home pay for Mr. Glass' means of promoting his political aspirations outside of the city? They say he is an as-as-as (my pen stutters) I mean an aspirant for the governorship of Virginia. But there is no other paper here save his and we must know what time the trains arrive, so we have to pay his price. FIVE dollars for the News. Whew-w-w-w-e.



Now we don't know where the report came from, we would not like to say who started it, but the people of Lynchburg have heard it rumored around for many years that Mr. Glass had the exclusive contract with the Associated Press for the news dispatches.

We have before us a letter from the secretary of the Associated Press stating that this is not true. So let no one think that we can not get the news simply because it is in Mr. Glass' power to withhold it. Just wait awhile and we will show you a daily newspaper in Lynchburg.



So many KICKS have come to our notice in the last few weeks that we hardly know where to begin. Many

of them will have to be passed over for the present until we are able to get a few figures to help substantiate the facts. You see, at present, the editor is advertising agent, reporter, editor, superintendent of printing and business manager, and even on occasion newsboy as well. So if we do not let them have it hot enough for you just be patient, for a kick can be made much more effective by getting all data possible before writing. For instance, in the August number we had something to say about Judge Christian's granting licenses to certain barrooms on the corner of Twelfth and Main. We have since found out some reasons why the long-faced Judge can not afford to make that spot fit for ladies or gentlemen to pass. The Judge is interested in the ownership of one of those rough and tough places, and therefore he couldn't refuse to license one without hurting himself. See the point? Besides this, there is another barroom in town, the rents of which help to fill his coffers. And yet such a man is Judge of the Corporation Court of Lynchburg!



It was all sweet sleep and dreams—dreams with castles in the air, and peace and plenty and joy everywhere, when sharp and quick:

“What’s that? Get up quick!” An awful tumult is being raised apparently across the street.

I rushed to the door, followed by my wife, who was first to awake and had thus broken my slumbers. The agonizing cries of women and children are still heard, but they come from more than a block away. The moon is shining brightly. We see other neighbors standing in night clothes like ourselves, wondering what it is all about. It is a quarter to one o'clock.

Hark! a woman's voice: "Oh, My baby! My baby is dying!" Then amid the frantic and distinctive cries of the children come these words, awful and chilling:

"Papa's shot maamma, and runed away."

"Mr. Doherty, 'phone for the doctor—quick!"

My wife says: "I expect it's whiskey." — — —

A crowd has arrived. An old mother leads the doctor to her daughter shot through the head by a drunken husband. The children, with broken hearts and frantic crying, have been hurried away in their night dresses to the neighbors.

When a measure of quiet had been restored we retired to bed again, but we could not sleep. Why should we sleep with this awful scene in our mind! Toward morning—Sunday morning it was—we went to sleep after renewing a determination made in early life that we would not rest till we saw the beloved city

of my nativity freed from this awful curse. The papers told it all on Tuesday. The husband, in a drunken fury, had shot his wife. Later he was picked up unconscious on the railroad, where he had fallen from a train on which he was fleeing from the scene of the foul deed. They were both in the hospital.

"Almost no hope for the wife; he is expected to recover."

Who's responsible for it? do you ask. You are, if you are not forever opposed to the government living off the licensing of such a nefarious business, and kick and kick hard.

I am not making an argument for any man who is so degraded a fool as to make any kind of a serious argument for the existence of the saloons. Your conscience, if you have any, condemns you enough. I want you to know that now is the time to let Christian and his like know that you are disgusted with his actions, which are causing the enormous expenditure of the city's money for police and criminal expenses. Even if the revenue from the business could possibly make up the loss thus sustained, and it don't begin to, or even if it were twice as much as the amount expended to protect the public and property against the abuses which go with the sale of whiskey, I say even then the hellish business don't pay.

I am not PREACHING about anybody's "soul's salvation or damnation," but as a purely common sense problem of our practical life. The barrooms in Lynchburg are a menace to your happiness and to my happiness, and their very existence here is driving away from our city thoughtful and high-minded men who cannot afford to rear their children amid such hellish surroundings.

Now we are not bidding for popularity. It happens that the preaching we have been doing has so far met with the hearty sympathy of the people of Lynchburg. We know that many of our citizens will not approve of our stand against this evil, simply because they think they can not afford to antagonize the INTERESTS. We are not asking anyone to show his hand if he is not foresighted enough to see it is to his interest to look out for the interest of the moral welfare of the town. We are not after being DISCREET and CAREFUL about such far-reaching questions. We are radical in many things, and yet we do not go so far as to say that the man who thinks he cannot have whiskey ought not to have it. Let him have it if he must, but for God's sake don't let whiskey men, just for the sake of private gains, make the place of sale of whiskey such an attractive place for our young manhood that their whole lives will be blighted and sorrow will

reign where happiness has a right to carry its life-giving influences.

Let the sot stay sot. But can't we save our young? We have two boys, but unless the barroom goes we expect to take them out of this city to live, though we stay here to fight.

We can't say all we feel about the evil that has fastened its hold upon us. The question is so big and we have been quiet so long.



To Hell with whiskey and damn the preachers who are too cowardly to preach against it.

After the first number of the Idea came out we met the most aggressive of the preachers in Lynchburg on the streets.

Now, it has been the subject of frequent comment here that our preachers seldom preach a temperance sermon, much less attack directly the biggest evils of the town, namely, the barrooms and their kindred organizations—the gambling concerns and houses of ill-fame. Well, we slapped the bold preacher on the back and told him that if he and the rest of the preachers of the town would back up the Idea we would have a clean town.

He replied, "That's what I've been telling them, but they say they 'don't want to stir up a fuss.' "

I like a fuss; I like a fight! And yet we have "Soldiers of the Cross," nay more, we have generals in that army who "don't like a fight." Shame on them! You know why they don't like a fight? They are afraid it won't be popular with some of their moneyed congregation. Again we say "damn the preacher who don't like a fight." (Now get your dictionary and see what damn means.)

I believe it was Solomon, the wise, who wrote: "There is a time for everything." We agree. But the time for the use of such words as we have used above seldom comes in the lives of men. We trust it may never come again.



Talking about the preachers: A certain God-fearing minister tells us to-day that not only do some of the preachers keep quiet on the obnoxious whiskey question because it is unpopular, but others even go farther and openly oppose the action of those who attempt to purify the town. When the Anti-Saloon League of the State held a meeting here in July the question came before the Ministers' Conference, and I blush with

shame to tell it, certain preachers refused to open their churches to the League for temperance meetings.

When the preachers won't fight, and the newspapers won't espouse the cause of the people and our law-makers are worse than lax, then it is time for somebody to get an IDEA punched into their cranium. The fight is just begun.



JOKES.



The Idea has entered suit against the Lynchburg News for 50c. The editor values his reputation at many times the amount at which Mr. Grass valued his, but, altho Mr. Grass exhausted the vocabulary of "malicious slander" against him, the editor has not felt more than 50c. damages, and besides he is simply after "vindication," not money. See the joke?



The time table at the depot read: "All Trains on Time. Sept. 1."

He read it: "All Trains on Time, 'cept one. I'll bet a cent that it's mine."



Shephard, the newsdealer, has a few copies of the July (first) number of the Idea at 25 cents a copy.

A QUESTION FOR THE TRACTION AND LIGHT COMPANY.

What have you done with that three thousand dollars that this Council voted you free, gratis, for nothing, and with which you promised to fix up the city lights? The corner lights of the city never were in worse condition. At eight o'clock last night (August 31st) a policeman told me that he had already counted eight lights out on his route alone. And this is the general state of affairs.

But we have to take what we can get from the Traction Company, and they take what they can get from a subservient Council. The Idea wonders how much longer the people will submit to the FLEECING. Just an hour's careful thought before and on election days will remedy affairs.



The Idea stands for clean government and by the people, by making PUBLIC all the acts of all public servants.



The Idea stands for public ownership of municipal lighting (both gas and electric) plants.



The Idea stands for the ownership by the city of the public traction facilities. Let the city run the cars as

New York and Chicago and Cleveland are beginning to do.

The Idea will not stop the fight against corruption till we have a three (3) cent car fare. The company can easily make money at that figure. In other cities they do.

Mayor Johnson, of Cleveland, Ohio, has promised the citizens a three-cent fare this fall, but we will be skinned for some time to come yet.



WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT IT.

"The Idea is It."

"Polly got a cracker."

"Them's my sentiments."

"It 'MUSES me to think about it.'

"It's not hot ENOUGH."

"It's all right except you left out something. You ought to go for ____." Nearly everybody tells us something new.



It was nearly a year ago that the city auhorized, at the request of taxpayers who were to pay their share of the cost, the construction of a pavement on Taylor Street, between Tenth and Eleventh Streets. At long

intervals during that time the city has had placed there three separate times sand with which to do the work, and three times this sand has been very largely washed away (at the expense of the taxpayers), and the street has been almost impassable to pedestrians for a large part of that time—first a four-foot pile of sand across the walkway, then a ten-foot puddle of water, both extending the eight-foot width of the walkway. Twice paving rock has been bought, four separate times the hands have come and laid a few yards of rock and gone, to show up a few hours a month later, while the people plodded through the mud. At last about half of this half block has been completed, and the angels only know when another yard will be laid or how many years longer the street will be torn up. It has been about three years since the citizens first tried to get the walk.

Our easy-going city officers seem to have no incentive to try to please the people. They know that the newspapers are very anxious to keep "peace when there is no peace," and for some unaccountable reason DO KEEP QUIET.

The above street is but an example of many similar streets that have been brought to the attention of the Idea.

What Mr. Bryan says about traction and light companies:

"EXPERIENCE HAS DEMONSTRATED THAT MUNICIPAL CORRUPTION IS LARGEY TRACEABLE TO THE FACT THAT FRANCHISE CORPORATIONS DESIRE TO CONTROL THE CITY COUNCIL AND THUS INCREASE THEIR DIVIDENDS. I BELIEVE THAT AN INCREASING NUMBER OF THE MEMBERS OF ALL PARTIES SEE IN PUBLIC OWNERSHIP THE SURE REMEDY FOR THE EXTORTIONATE RATES FOR THE CARRYING OF PASSENGERS."



"Everybody knows that gas can be furnished at a profit for fifty cents and probably for much less. One-half, at least, of every gas BILL IS GRAFT. Why do we pay it? Because the gas companies have possession of our streets and we are obliged to submit. And it is the same story with our telephones and street cars and telegraphs and railways and a thousand and one other things.

"* * * Let us take charge of our own property and make a new Declaration of Independence."— Ernest Crosby.

Lynchburg Piano Co.

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IN THIS TERRITORY
FOR
KNABE PIANOS

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JEHU WILLIAMS

H.E. DeWitt

LUMBER
Sash, Blinds and
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Lowest Prices---Highest
Quality. ————— We
don't count on Big Profits

Large sales with
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able us to give
the greatest sat-
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Home Furniture . *for Her*
Office Furniture . *for You*
We have it . *but We'll Trade*
Cash or Credit . *as You like it*
A. A. McCorkle, 1022 Main

The First Number of The Idea

WHEN the import of the misstatement in THE IDEA in regard to Mr. Glass was seen by the Editor he immediately withheld from sale the few copies on hand until this number could come out to make the correction. While they last you may get one for 50 cents.

*Address : : : : THE IDEA, Lynchburg, Va.
or see : : : : SHEPHARD, THE NEWSDEALER*

The Will White Dry Goods Company

Visit the corner store. Strictly up-to-date in every particular. Shoes, Ladies' ready-to-wear Millinery, Dry Goods, and all kinds of Fancy Novelties. We make a specialty of samples at a great reduction.

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Nearly Everybody Eats Candy
Everybody would if they knew
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Confections. The place to get
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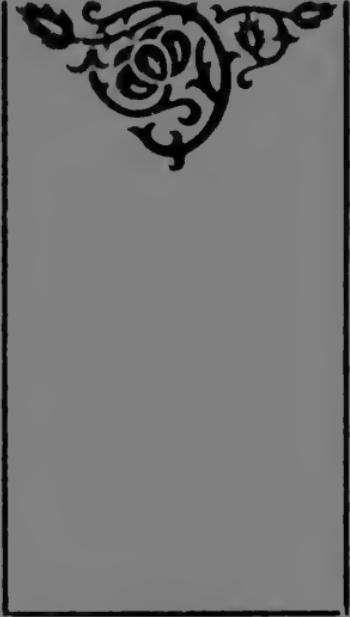
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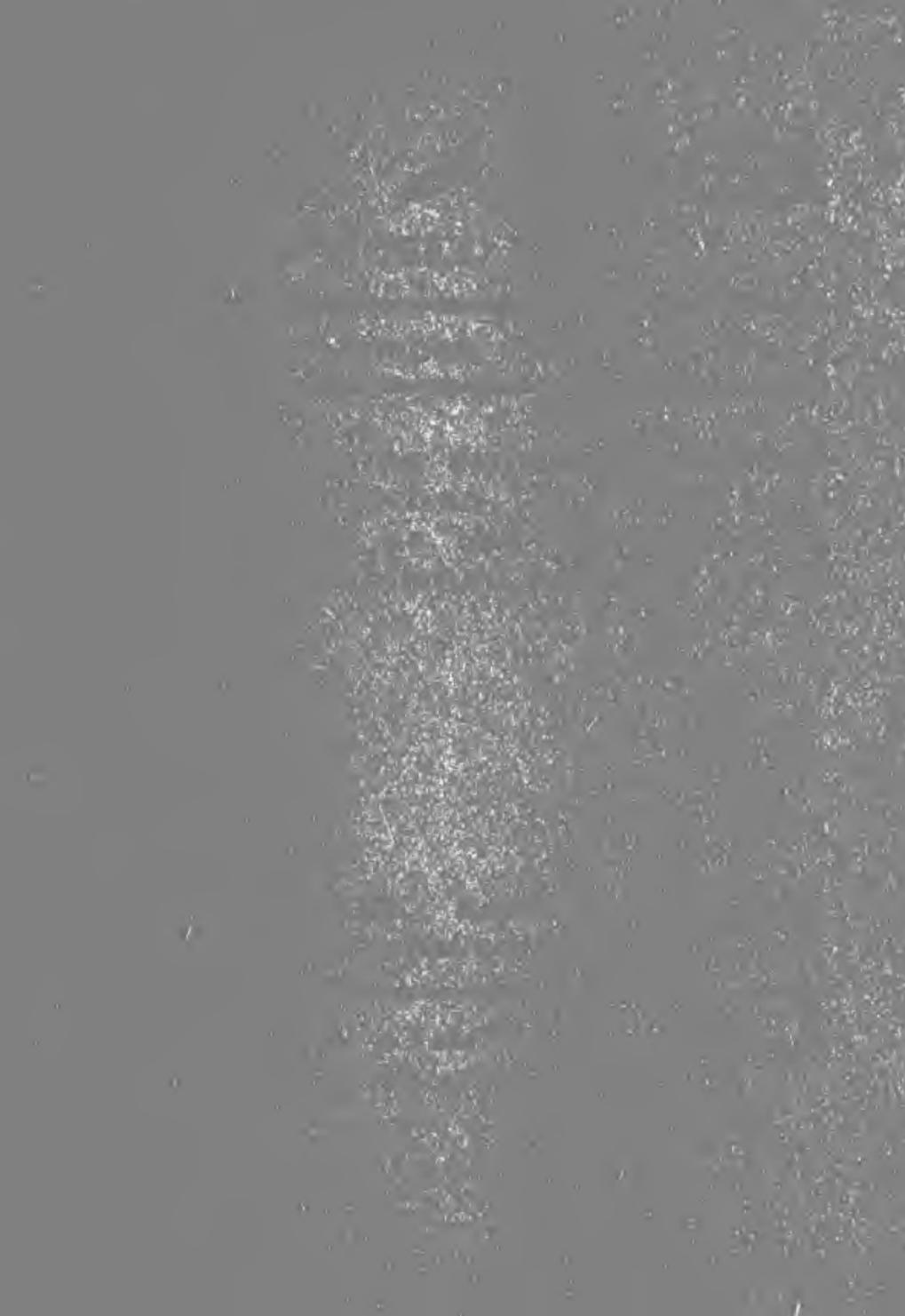
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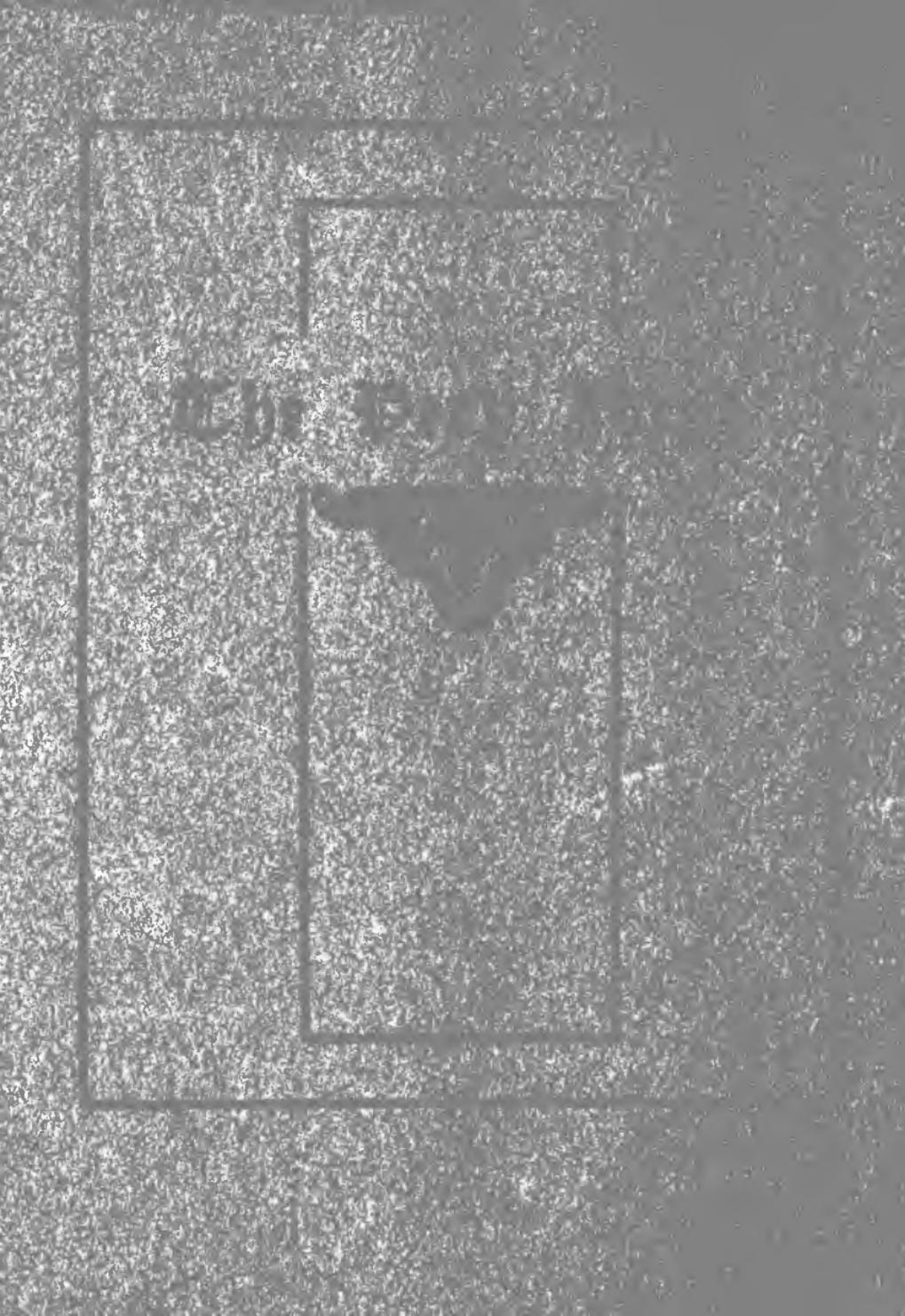
- ¶ It's cheap (to you). Only five dollars a page.
- ¶ Circulation 5,000 copies a month, or more.
- ¶ It is attractively gotten up on bond paper, in beautiful tho outlandish colors, attractive tho neat, red hot tho conservative, and
- ¶ What is best of all, the people will read it, anyhow.



The IDEA







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BEST AND CHEAPEST AT

REAMS'

WE DONT PAY YOU TO LOOK
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Do You Ever Think

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GET THE IDEA ?

Wm. O. Taylor, 916-920 Church St.

SEEK NO FURTHER! YOU CAN'T DO BETTER

1115 Main St., opp. Market House, LYNCHBURG, Va.

We buy and sell cheaper than others
but for Cash only



More
Goods
for
Same
Money

Same
Goods
for
Less
Money

**J. Edward
W o o d**
Proprietor

ONE PRICE to ALL

The Idea

Gotten Out at Lynchburg, Va., by Adon A. Yoder.

Dedicated to the Great Commoner

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN
of Nebraska

The Idol of His Countrymen, the Leader of the Democracy
The Dreamer of Better Days, the Fighter for Better Things

a Man With a Spirit, a Mind and a Body

To Whom it is Sweeter to Be the Leader of the People
in Private Capacity than

To Be the Leader of a Party in Victory

To Whom Principle is More Than Political Honors
To the Silver-Tongued Orator of the West

America's Foremost Son

This, the Fourth Number of The Idea
Is Affectionately Dedicated

In the Month of October, and From the
Foundation of The Republic

The Year One Hundred and Thirty-One

The Idea

Vol. 1

OCTOBER, 1906

No. 4

Gotten up by the Minority in the
Interests of the Majority, and Edited
and Published by Adon A. Yoder.

SAM JONES---may his tribe increase, for there is only one Sam and he has no kindred. His spirit is alone, without ancestry or progeny. The stuff he is made of is too rare. May he never die. Sam Jones the preacher came to Lynchburg, and he had come before. The people, tho Sam says they don't appreciate a good thing, flocked to hear him, and by the way they giggled when he hit them we think they understood him. Here is one thing they giggled at and have not got over yet. Sam said: If I were the Devil in hell and wanted to run Lynchburg I would not make a single alteration in your present city offices of mayor, commonwealth's attorney and judge of the corporation court. And I say the people grinned, and they

did not get mad. Do you wonder why? They grinned, then they cheered. Sam is one of the few men that have a way of telling the truth anyhow. Now we were afraid to say that, but we did say to Sam "AMEN," and again we say "AMEN." Long live Sam Jones.

Sam said some other things too. He said that since he came into the city the day before several of the citizens had told him that they would get to work and clean up the town, but the preachers would not help them, would not lead them, would not preach against the big sins of the town. So Sam delivered a broadside to the preachers and called them cowards and hypocrites and told them a few things that they ought to have known before, and even 'lowed that they were either firing blank cartridges or else they were aiming in the other direction. And some of them acknowledged it was so by getting mad, and after Sam had gone one of them felt so hurt as to say from the pulpit that he would not bandy vulgar terms with Sam, when he might have served his city and his God better by acknowledging that Sam was right by taking his medicine and preaching a genuine temperance or rather anti-saloon sermon, thus breaking his quiet on the subject.

The trouble with Sam is, he says things. Did you ever think of that?

The Lynchburg preachers as a rule are more careful what they don't say than what they do say.

Their sermons are an attempt to conceal what their consciences, if they have any, would speak out.

If they had no conscience they might at least be interesting, for their speech would not be hampered by dodging the point.

Long live Sam Jones, for Sam hath a way of telling the TRUTH. Again we say, long live Sam Jones.

It is to be regretted that the truth about us is so VULGAR. Did you ever think that sin, however polished up by the forms and conventions and customs of society, is at the bottom mighty dirty and vulgar?



Just a short while ago, July 4th, the first number of The Idea appeared. Since that time, as a result of the kicking of this little paper, the Lynchburg News has come out in an editorial roasting the Traction and Light Co. for furnishing the city with such bad electric lights; the same paper has jumped on the same company on account of the poor quality of gas furnished the city and the citizens; many women have

been indicted and fined for running houses of ill fame; disorderly houses on Twelfth Street have been broken up; the mayor has announced his intention of cleaning up lower Ninth Street; the preachers have awakened to their duty and last Sunday, September 30th, three sermons were preached on civic righteousness from the pulpits of the city; the papers have published as never before kicks of the citizens against existing abuses and nuisances; a wholesome public sentiment has been aroused, and it even looks as tho the city council were going to wake up and do something along the line of considering the people's wishes in their actions.

The Idea has a right to feel proud of this record, for it feels that it is to blame for initiating this wave of reform that is breaking over Lynchburg.



When that bunch of gamblers was arrested the other day the mayor told them that he would not fine them this time because there was a doubt as to whether the place was a public resort or not, and yet if a negro is caught shooting crap anywhere the honorable mayor proceeds to fine or put the unfortunate in jail.

The mayor then told the bad boys that everytime they engaged in a game in such a place they were violating

the law. But these eighteen young society men are the class that put and keep the mayor in office. You see how it works? 

We wonder why the mayor did not break up the houses of ill fame without waiting for the grand jury to bring in indictments against nineteen of them. It was his duty to see that it was done; he knew all about their existence, so did the chief of police.

Now, it looks to us like there must be some reason for the mayor's failure to perform his duty.

What do you think about it, and do you want him for mayor again?

Did you notice all the whiskey hands go up? They put him there, with your consent. And whiskey and crooked women and gambling go together. Read elsewhere in this number what Sam Jones said about Mayor Smith. Also read what he said about Judge Christian, the church steward who rents out two or three bar-rooms. Judge Christian knows how unchristian it is, but you see he can get so much more money from bar-keepers than he can from other renters. Yet Judge Christian makes threats every now and then against the barkeepers for keeping disorderly houses, but they know that his threats are not loaded, for he can't afford to refuse licenses to others when he grants them to his own tenants. You understand?

Maybe some day we will tell you how this little man came to be judge.



It happens that Judge Christian has a son who, like his father, is of the opinion that he owns the town. Well, this son went to the store of Mr. Watts on Fifth Avenue and proceeded to stick his hands in the pickle barrel. Mr. Watts ordered him out. The boy not only refused to be ordered, but got saucy and disorderly, until Mr. Watts in duty to his customers and in order to show the boy that he and not the kid owned the store, smacked the boy (and those who saw it say it was so gentle that it could hardly be dignified with the term of smack,) when what the boy needed was a sound flogging. The boy, neither hurt nor crying, after making a purchase walked out.

Later the Judge walked in and after making a disturbance, for which he should have been put in jail, got out a warrant for Mr. Watts' arrest, and our little 2x4 mayor, contrary to the evidence, fined Mr. Watts twenty dollars just because the little rascal happened to be Judge Christian's son. Those who were present at the trial by the mayor say that it was the worst case of miscarriage of justice they ever witnessed.

Inasmuch as The Idea has found it necessary in fighting for better government to CALL NAMES and expose the wrong doings of INDIVIDUALS, and make even some very harsh statements about PARTICULAR PERSONS, we fear that some few of our readers who have not read CAREFULLY all that we have had to say may get the idea that we do this simply to make the paper sell, i. e., that our object is simply to be sensational for the money that is in it. Now, tho we are sure that most of our readers understand our motives, we still think it would not be out of place to state that we regret exceedingly that in order to make our fight for better Lynchburg, we find it necessary to hit the nail squarely on the head even if in so doing it sometimes gives offence. The truth often becomes disagreeable even to the teller, but when the public welfare demands it, even a disagreeable duty ought not to be shirked. Every man owes a duty to his fellowman; we regret that ours sometimes becomes a disagreeable one.

The editor has always been a peaceable and quiet, even a bashful person, and would be the last person in the world to PICK A FUSS, but he feels that conditions for which he is not to blame demand some very plain statements, and he has undertaken what he conceives to be his duty to himself, to his family and

to his fellow-man in an impartial and fair-minded manner and with the kindest feelings even towards those whom The Idea must most offend.

We believe that the people of Lynchburg appreciate the spirit of The Idea, and we want to say to them that we believe that, due largely to their kindly support, the day is not far distant when this disagreeable feature of the magazine can be dropped and our attention can be directed more to building up better things than to tearing down bad things. The mayor has already awoken to a partial realization of his duty, our daily papers have already become exceedingly more public spirited and the preachers have begun to preach, three in one day realizing all of a sudden that they had been neglecting their duty, and in many other ways good RESULTS have come from this dirty foundation work.

Now, we are shortly to address ourselves to more constructive work. There will, however, always be need for the muck-rake and the broom wherever there is muck or dirt, and The Idea is always ready to do its best in this or any other capacity. Now at the present rate it will shortly be no longer necessary to do any more of this disagreeable personal work, then

we will have space in which to direct the attention of voters to their duty in other ways and our "lines will have fallen in pleasant paths."



We realize that our form of government is as much to blame as our officers for our uneconomical and un-business-like management of city affairs, and we are now in communication with our Senator Thomas as to the best means to adopt to get a better form of government for Lynchburg. The editor of *The Idea* had the good fortune in college days to be a student of civil government for a course of lectures under Woodrow Wilson, a native Virginian, now president of Princeton University, whose name is mentioned in connection with the Democratic nomination for President. After having made a careful study of government in its various stages from its patriarchal beginnings down to the city, state and national governments of modern times, he became a teacher of civil government for one term. Knowing, therefore, that American city government as a rule is about as bad as could well be devised and believing that this is due to the fact that Americans have been too busy in the commercial development of their country to give their time to planning a good form of business-like manage-

ment of civil affairs, we have been exceedingly pleased to notice the development of good city government ideas, especially in London, England, and Galveston, Texas.

Lynchburg has perhaps as good city officials as can easily be found under the present system anywhere, but our government machinery is bulky, unwieldy, has too many cogs, it don't work smoothly. Galveston, Texas, after the great storm that left the city in financial and physical ruin, hit upon a plan of modern, commonsense, economical administration of city affairs, government by a committee of five, which has brought beauty out of chaos. Now, The Idea wants Lynchburg to adopt just such a commonsense form of government. Why should not this big corporation of the people pay?

The people must take charge of their own affairs not indirectly through an irresponsible council, but directly through a business committee directly responsible to the people. Later we shall have more to say about this; for the present let those interested get McClure's Magazine for October, and see what the people of Galveston think of the government of their city, revived morally and economically as well as physically.

Under the present law the mayor could, if he chose, shut up as public nuisances all the gambling dens run under the name of pool rooms, mostly in connection with bar-rooms, on Main, Ninth and Twelfth Streets. He knows of the existence on these streets of dens which the law makes it his duty to close as public nuisances if for no other reason.

But you see it is the "baser sort," the crooked element, the whiskey vote that has kept Mayor Smith in office. Clean men have opposed him, but they have never had the strength to break down the fortifications of his opposition, neither have they had the endorsement that the Lynchburg papers should have given them. Those papers have never taken any position on such questions, they recognize no obligation to the community to fight the fight of the people. How is this statement:

IF THE LYNCHBURG NEWS HAD THE INTERESTS OF LYNCHBURG AT HEART, IT COULD IN ONE CAMPAIGN GIVE TO OUR CITY A CLEAN LIST OF PUBLIC SERVANTS THAT WOULD PURIFY THE CITY OF THE OUTLANDISH AND CRYING EVILS WHICH ARE CORRUPTING THE YOUNG MANHOOD OF THE TOWN AND DEBAUCHING THE LIVES OF ALL OF OUR YOUTH AND BRINGING GRIEF TO THE MOTHERS AND FATHERS AMONG OUR CITIZENS.

But perhaps Mr. Glass is so full of fear that he thinks such a course might hurt his chances at election times.



We ought to have a mayor that would clear up Twelfth Street, a dirty, vile hole, and at the same time the only outlet from Main Street that nearly half the town has to use. But our little mayor simply fines a whore when the people make it so hot he has to, and then he lets her ply her old trade again.

He fines the keeper of a gambling den, and then tells the gamblers that he will fine THEM NEXT TIME, tho in the next breath he says they are guilty of an infraction of the law. Why don't he even ATTEMPT to break it up? You know as well as we that he has to look to them to keep him in office at election time.

Justice! My!

It's so strange that liberty-loving Virginians will swallow a dose like Smith. And then after taking it they will take the same vile medicine again and again.

Wake up, you sleepy-headed voters, and kick the rascals out.

We can promise you that a man will be nominated next time.

September 28.—The News of this morning reports the fining of a woman for keeping a disorderly house on the corner of Twelfth and Clay Streets, a notoriously indecent section right on one of our main streets. From the article in question we quote the following:

“Then the mayor said that on Wednesday as many as three persons had seen him personally and complained of the disorder at Twelfth and Clay Streets. He declared this should not continue and he would instruct the police department to put a stop to these disorders and clean up the corner.”

Now just read that over again, will you? “**THREE PERSONS IN ONE DAY HAD COMPLAINED.**” “**HE WOULD INSTRUCT THE POLICE TO PUT A STOP TO DISORDERS.**”

What a condemnation of the mayor’s own acts from his own lips! He tells us that his own police are so instructed that they will not break up the public nuisances of the town until the people continue to make it so hot for him that he is **PERSUADED**, after three protests in one day, to instruct the police to make an arrest. What a shame on the town that it has not a man of his word as mayor! He has sworn to execute the laws, and yet by his own admission he don’t do it until he has to. The people have known all along that the mayor was kept in office by the disorderly

element, but they did not know he would admit it thus.

If we want order in Lynchburg the orderly people in Lynchburg have got to put in a MAN. We must not let the baser element put in their man with so little opposition.

Sam Jones was right when he said he could take his old tooth brush and do more towards cleaning Lynchburg than the mayor was doing.



August 28.—We have a letter to-day from a resident of Elm Avenue, who claims that along that street from Walnut on to the Southern Railway, no garbage wagon ever comes, and yet the residents are fined for throwing garbage in the roadway. Our correspondent writes that one tax-payer "filled two barrels with trash last April and set them outside his gate, as he had been accustomed to on other streets, and there they sit to-day, while the garbage wagon goes up and down Court and Main Streets gathering up trash for the well-to-do, while the poor have to live on in filth."



Another correspondent wants us to stir up somebody about the miserable condition of the city market.

About our commonwealth's attorney. The people of Campbell County and the people of the city have both been after The Idea to say something about the state of the people's legal affairs. In Lynchburg we have as commonwealth's attorney Robert D. Yancey, who holds his position because he is "hail fellow well met." He belongs to many orders and has many friends who think they ought to vote for him just BECAUSE.

Now, Mr. Yancey's fault is simply incompetency. The city needs a bigger man. We never heard a word against Mr. Yancey's character; he's all right—so are babies. The trouble comes here. There is hardly a two-by-four lawyer in town who is not more than a match for him and who can not almost dictate terms on which a case before him is to be settled. Lynchburg is worthy of better things, and will soon have them, but in the past we have not presented a united front because we have not had a daily to take up the fight.

Now for the county: Mr. Murrell's faults are similar only in part. The people complain that he is not aggressive. He is a man of sterling character and is privately very favorably known to the editor, but his fellow citizens complain that he spends too much of his time here in Lynchburg that they think ought to be

given more directly to county affairs. He is, they say, inactive, dilatory, procrastinative, until it is too late to prosecute the county's wishes. But we shall have more to say of county affairs later.



The next number on the program will be a **SUPRANO Solo** by Mr. R. D. Apperson:

Sing a song of street-cars,
Nickels by the score.—
What d' we care for Lynchburg
So the pennies pour?
Six or seven car-tracks
And a mighty barn,
What a good old death-trap,—
Does the Council give a darn?



We are in receipt of communications from prominent preachers, lawyers, bank cashiers, wholesale merchants and business men and women, which have made us feel good and have shown beyond the shadow of a doubt that the people of Lynchburg are disgusted with the past state of affairs and that the whole town is in a good humor over the turn of events and is determined that the days of political bossism in Lynchburg are

numbered and that it will not be long ere the people throw off the shackles that bind them. Below we publish a letter from the president of one of our largest manufacturing houses which serves to illustrate the attitude of the citizens. We have received too many such letters to answer them all personally, so we take this means of acknowledging them and sincerely thank the authors for their kind words of encouragement.

Lynchburg, Va., Aug. 25, 1906.

Mr. A. A. Yoder,
City.

Dear Sir:—I am just in receipt of the second issue of "The Idea." I failed to get a copy of the first issue. I want one, also all others issued, therefore I enclose \$1.00 for which send me a copy of the first issue, and enter my name as a permanent subscriber. You seem to be the man for the place, and I trust will continue the good work.

With best wishes, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

• • •

"Both the Democratic and Republican parties have long been disgraced and dominated by men of this type controlling party organization. Party organiza-

tion was created originally to render effective the will of the people. The servant has become the master, and the executive machinery controlled by small groups of selfish and usually corrupt men, has been used to deprive the people of the parties of their political freedom. The fight is not to destroy parties. Parties are essential to the proper working of our political institutions. The fight is to free the parties from just such men as Murphy. To deprive them of their control of the executive machinery; to restore it to the discharge of the functions for which it was created, viz., the effective expression of the will of the people who compose the party. When this is done we shall have leaders and not bosses; we shall then have conventions of real delegates seeking to determine whom the people want placed in nomination. We shall have candidates and public officers in whose choice the people's voice has been potent, and who will feel that their responsibility is to the people and not to some political boss who created them."—Wm. T. Jerome.



The Idea is no Republican paper. In fact, it is as rank a Democratic affair as our Socialistic-Democratic friends, Thomas Jefferson or William J. Bryan or William R. Hearst could wish, and yet it calls on all good

Democrats to vote for Mr. Heermans, the Republican nominee for Congress, against Mr. Glass, the Democratic machine nominee.

We don't know what Mr. Heermans will do, but he is a clean man. We do know what Mr. Glass has not done. We vote for men, not promises.

Mr. Roosevelt is more democratic than Parker ever hoped to be.

Mr. Heermans would have to be mighty poor material if he were not a better Democrat than Mr. Glass.



Now and then we find an advertiser, like a grocery-man whose stock changes from day to day, who can not use to advantage advertising space in The Idea. But with one accord they all say: "Go ahead and get out that daily and we'll give you an ad. We can't get any satisfaction from the News or Advance, but you know we just have to use them."



A BIT OF HISTORY.

A little while ago we had a scrap with Spain about Cuba; perhaps you remember it. Well, General Miles was commanding Uncle Sam's forces about that time and he took some of our boys over to fight for free

Cuba, etc. The enemy did not kill many of them, but several thousand of them died and Miles told the country that embalmed beef did it. The administration for reasons unknown then did not like for Miles to say that, even if he thought it. So they proceeded to undo Miles. He was officially snubbed and almost ostracized in Washington.

A few years afterwards Upton Sinclair, a young novelist, wrote a book which came out as a serial in the "Appeal to Reason," Wayland's socialist paper.

This book, "The Jungle," told some shocking things about the meat industry in Chicago and the President felt constrained to make a little speech about "Muckrakers," but the people had gotten hot and Mr. Roosevelt finally made an investigation and found the charges made by Sinclair to be true. The report finally leaked out, and it looked as if something was going to be done, but the meat packers had already packed Congress and so the bill that Congress finally passed was perfectly harmless, except to the people, who, according to its provisions, will have to pay about three million a year for government inspection of meats which will not be worth a row of pins. But the people are waking up. Miles' name is held in honor. The soldier who dared has been vindicated. Ere long Senators will be selected by the people instead of by the interests and we will

yet have a representative government in America. Remember, "ETERNAL vigilance is the price of freedom." If you voters don't kick, you won't get what you want. The world is making progress "just as fast as your stupidity will permit," as Fra Elbert says.



MEDITATION.



(An early poem by Alyn O'Dare.)

If life be but the being of a day;
If death be simply dying and decay;
If evolution be the universal mode;
If life upon the strongest be bestowed;
If Hedonism's self hold his full sway,
And God be not the ruler of the day,
Nor King of Kings, nor Lord of Lords and men;
If when we die we live no more again;
If thus we part fore'er from actions pale;
If when we die to nothingness we hail;
If God be but convention of the mind;
If when we die we leave Him thus behind;
If heaven be such and hell itself be not;
If life be simply living, with no plot
Nor plan mapped out by being most supreme;
If God be but a finite thought or dream;

If such a One we be not born to please,
But if to live for pleasure and for ease—
If this the summum bonum be of life,
To shun its sorrows and its mad'ning strife—
Or if to live that others pleasure find;
If altruism should our actions bind;
If life be but to live and death to die,
I still will bow, and to my God on high
My prayer shall still ascend, “Thy will be done.”
Though God be not, nor Holy Ghost nor Son.

Yes, all along this rugged path and hard,
Man's feeble mind must have itself a God.
And if he live for pleasure's sake alone,
For peace and happiness his race be run;
Or if for others' sake this life he'd live,
That he might others joy and gladness give,
There is a Book will show him how to find
This peace the world has sought for and repined.

Thus first his own life will be made more glad;
If he'll but heed and turn, to self he'll add
Another life of pleasure full and free,
And lose his care for soul's eternity.
Then altruism, pure and undefiled,
Will rule him who was once astray and wild,

And others happiness and joy he'll give,
He'll beg them turn and his existence live.



And thus, O, God! if Thou do live or no
I'll worship Thee and live a Christian, so
That others here this happiness and joy
May have, and not with this world's base alloy.
I'll take me to some heathen land of woe,
And tell the nations of the joy I know,
From sin's black sorrows grant them all release;
And point them to my God, my Prince of Peace.

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THE IDEA, Lynchburg, Va.

Mr. Adon A. Yoder. New York City.

Dear Sir:

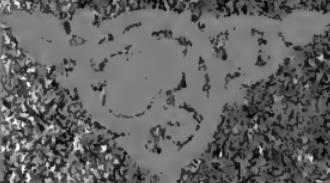
..... Get some one
to take our place for next issue, then write us in time
for the third from now and we will be with you prob-
ably for two successive issues again and maybe more.

Respectfully,
HALL & RUCKEL.

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The IDEA



The Idea

A REBEL YELL

Vol. I

November, 1906

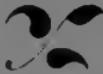
No. 5



EING some sermonettes
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a year at Elsewhere, in
Lynchburg, Va., written

ANYWHEN
ANYHOW
ANYWHERE

AS THE
SPIRIT
MOVES



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Copyright, 1906, by Adon A. Yoder

CHIS is the fifth number of "The Idea." Your subscription will be appreciated. It will help us much in our fight against existing evils. Fifty cents a year, five cents a copy, 'till the price goes up. *The Editor*



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ILLIONS of people are carelessly undermining their health in a way least suspected. The guards to the gateway of health are the teeth, and no constitution is so strong that it will not finally succumb to the improper mastication of food. You cannot properly masticate food with loose, sore, sensitive teeth, which are only some of the results of the use of acid dentifrices and those filled with grit and other injurious stuff. There is one great popular Alkaline Dentifrice known in all parts of the world and used by discriminating people.

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NEW YORK CITY

❧ The Idea ❧

Gotten Out at Lynchburg, Va., by Adon A. Yoder.

TF I knew you and you knew me—
If both of us could clearly see,
And with an inner sight divine
The meaning of your heart and mine,
I'm sure that we would differ less
And clasp our hands in friendliness :
Our thoughts would pleasantly agree
If I knew you and you knew me.

—*The Philistine.*

The Idea

Vol. 1

NOVEMBER, 1906

No. 5

Gotten up by the Minority in the
Interests of the Majority, and Edited
and Published by Adon A. Yoder.

This number of The Idea is dedicated to my much beloved friend, Abe Runcator, of Norfolk, whom I never heard of till today, and whose little "Muck Rake," only three months old, (born since The Idea came into existence) is the warmest thing I ever tried to read.

The "Muck Rake" has done things though, as is shown by the fact that Abe has a trial on his hands for libel. (You know Jesus of Nazareth did things, and said things, too; for did he not say: "Damn you elders and judges, or deacons and lawyers, or scribes and pharisees," or something like that—"for you collect your fees and neglect the weightier matters

of the law." And the first thing Jesus knew he had a trial on his hands.)

Well, Abe has a trial on his hands, but Abe no doubt will fight; for Abe is not a follower of Jesus (and if you say you are I don't believe you), tho Abe BELIEVES in Jesus. When they tried Jesus he "turned the other cheek." Well, they don't make many that way now. Abe won't let them kill him, I trust, nor the "Muck Rake" either. (Neither will they kill The Idea.)

Well, Abe is just raising Cain "down by the sea-shore," and my! the rascals are hot,—"taking council together against him how they might destroy him." Abe went for child labor down there,—and we are going for it some day up here, if they don't put us in jail. Ha! ha! Then he went for the chief of police and the mayor; and it looks like it is much worse down there than it is up here. Then he got all over the daily papers and the drug stores for advertising the Cooper medicines as they did. Now, if The Idea had had space you would have heard from it on the Cooper medicine question, but it has not until now, and now it has not time to do it, (you know the editor has had to devote some of his time to the law lately), so we have decided to let Abe do it for us; for Abe has brains,—The Idea can't hold a candle-light to

the "Muck Rake." Abe did it so well that we are just borrowing, without his consent, what he had to say and you will find it in this number.

Keep fighting, Abe, only don't fight me for stealing your "Rake." Maybe I can retaliate by lending you an "Idea" some day. And, Abe, "the common people will hear you gladly." The whole town is awake up here; and, Abe, tho they are trying to put me in jail, I'm feeling right good all over.

Well, Abe, give 'em 'ell if they need it. I don't know anything about hell hereafter, but some folks need a lot of it right now, so they'll help "make this world an Eden like the heaven above."

"Don't give up the ship," Abe. God be with you.

Wait a minute, Abe; I wish you would tell me what kind of folks you have down there that they give you so many ads.,—and your little old "Muck Rake" is a heap ranker than my "Idea."

I want to double the size of my little kicker, and I don't want to double the price, so I'll have to get more advertisers. Now, I ain't much of a beggar, and I just expect the business folks to know a good thing when they see it, but don't you know I find it rather hard to get ads.? The bunch of advertisers I've got say that I'm just giving space away and "it's cheap as dirt," and they speak for space three months in

advance. Then the rest of the fellows say, "Go ahead, Yoder, it's the finest thing that ever hit this town; but I sold that fellow you hit a handkerchief once and he has not paid for it yet; so you see I can't afford to give you an ad. But I am mighty glad you hit him; he deserved every word of it, and more. Hit him again." You see there are so many of 'em up here to be hit that between 'em they have almost the whole town in their meshes; and the trouble is the poor conservative fellows are hanging behind waiting to collect that ten cents for the handkerchief, and the fellow with enterprise enough to advertise in *The Idea* is getting all the new trade. Trouble is, I reckon I give it to 'em too cheap. *The Idea* last month cost me \$77.50 and the ads. netted me about \$30.00. I'm just giving it away.

First thing you know I am going to put the price up; then you watch the suckers suck.

I sold more Ideas this month than I sold last month, and I know I will sell more next month than this. You see the judge gave me some free advertising.

Well, Abe, I am making a living,—and rich folks can't go to heaven anyhow. And I'm having a heavenly time as it is, kicking and sawing wood in the day, "nussing" the baby at night.

I'm sending you *The Idea*, Abe; you just send me

the "Rake" for ninety-nine years, and no longer, and I won't kick.

Below you will find what the "Muck Rake" says. The Lynchburg News printed the same vile stuff without stars and led the people to believe that it was telegraphic news.



(Clipped from the November Muck Rake.)

More Patent Perfidy!

"The Muck Rake exposed a bit of fraud in its September issue and warned its readers against the perfidy of the Ledger-Dispatch in printing fake advertisements in the guise of news. The fraud, the perfidy, the criminal depravity of the thing was so obvious that any newspaper with a decent trait left would have discontinued the practice.

"But decency and the Ledger-Dispatch separated when Jim Thompson and Joe Fiveash quit the Daily Worry Club.

"Instead of cancelling contracts with green goods men, the Ledger-Dispatch continues to sign them on and in place of the Great Andes 'curing' life cripples in three minutes, we have now the 'Great Cooper' curing deaf mutes in that same mystic fragment of time.

‘Printed as news, under regulation news head lines and dated St. Louis, with no marks to indicate that it is advertising, these ‘Great Cooper’ stories began to appear in the Ledger-Dispatch late last month. The Muck Rake reproduces one of them on another page. It is a good object lesson and the public will read between the lines the character of a newspaper that would countenance murder for a price.

‘But how will the Ledger console itself? Look ye to the Virginian-Pilot: that newspaper, so long classed with the eminently respectable, is committing the same offence and gold-bricking its readers, with the ‘Great Cooper’ stories, when they pay for a distinction between news and ads. Thank God the old Landmark and Portsmouth Star have preserved their respectability in this latest fraud.

Fools, take Notice!

‘I learn that the Great Cooper is coming to Norfolk, and that his fraudulent advertising run as news stories by the Ledger and the Pilot is to pave the way for him among gullible folk who dream about tombstones every time their stomachs ache. This man Cooper goes after the pocket book of a man by way of his stomach. Before beginning the sale of his drugs, he puts in about a week scaring every one in the com-

munity into the belief that they have tape worms from 30 to 50 feet long. When he has all of the susceptibles believing that they have these tape worms, he starts in with a sale of his 'preparation' to make the worms skiddoo. Of course the worms disappear, because they were never there in the first place. IMAGINATION. Cooper is coming to Norfolk. And when he gets here I am thinking he will find a little surprise in store. The Norfolk Medical Society is onto him, the Muck Rake is still living, and we have a Board of Control and a Chief of Police that are learning their business.

"L. T. Cooper, you had better steer clear of Norfolk.

"And as for the newspapers that would aid him in fleecing afflicted people, I would suggest to them that the public is no longer the big, passive fool thing that it used to be, and that it is coming to a point where they will have to turn over a new leaf or go into the patent medicine business and be done with it.

The Real Crime of Patent Medicine.

"The crime of patent medicine will never be successfully legislated against until our legislators recognize and understand the laws of psychology.

"The chief crime of patent medicine is not in the sale of harmful, dopeful drugs and stimulants that

do not cure disease. The chief crime of patent medicine is in making a market for its wares where no market existed, in working upon the moods and fears of the ignorant, credulous, working them up to an injurious frame of mind, producing in them the symptoms of the disease for which the drug is advertised. That is the chief crime of patent medicine. I will declare without compromise that the average advertiser of patent medicine produces more ills than cures; I declare further that the effects of ninety-nine per cent. of all advertised patent drugs are to be directly attributed to the fine art of the ad. writer and not to the drugs; I believe firmly that a newspaper that will print this advertising is as guilty of murder as he who deliberately administers slow poison to a fellow human. My statements will seem broad to many, reckless and extravagant to many more. I shall repeat them and then attempt to prove my point.

"The chief crime of patent medicine is in making diseased minds, to produce purchasers for their drugs; advertised patent medicines make more ill than cures; the newspaper that will print the advertising of these dopeful drugs is as guilty of murder as he who administers slow poison, and far more dangerous, for the newspaper commits the crime for a price and deliberately maintains the business of a hired assassin.

“The Christian Science church is an established success. Only fools and ignoramuses will longer deny its wonderful cures by mental healing. Barring drugs and surgery, the Christian Scientists concentrate their minds upon a sick one, impress upon him the belief that his disease is a matter of imagination, and that he will recover. The suggestion is repeated, even to monotony, and the patient gets well.

“The hypnotist takes his subject in hand, repeats to him the suggestion that he will sleep. The suggestion is continued, and the subject sleeps.

“There is no mystery in Christian Science, no mystery in hypnotism.

“When I have explained the secret of the phenomena you will excuse the sudden break in my argument, as you will find I am seeking to make my argument clear.

“The Christian Scientist, the hypnotist, the mental healer, the clairvoyant, the mental telepathist, the spiritualist, are indebted for their peculiar gifts to the simple fact of mind’s control of matter, of the control of mind over mind. ‘I think, therefore I am,’ said Descartes. Thought is everything, mind is all-controlling. The normal human being is absolutely to be controlled and subjected to the caprice of a subjective mind. This subjective mind is all-power-

ful, all-seeing, and in absolute control, at an instant's command, of every organ and faculty of its human shell or tabernacle. The Christian Scientist, the hypnotist and their kind have simply stumbled upon the secret of how to command this dormant, subjective mind, to in turn command the body as well.

"The secret is merely this:

"This subjective mind is subject and amenable to suggestion, and suggestion alone.

"The Christian Scientist gives his patient the suggestion of recovery. By repetition it is conveyed to the subjective mind and this invisible, intangible thing, akin to the equally mysterious electric current and the God that directs them both, accepts the suggestion and governs the patient accordingly.

"The hypnotist's subject gets the suggestion of sleep in his subjective mind, and this mind, absolute in its control, wills him to sleep, and sleep he does.

"(Those who will question what I have contended so far are respectfully referred to the 'Reports of the London Society for the Psychological Research;' the 'Reports of the Seybort Commission;' 'Hypnotism' by Cocke; 'As a Man Thinkest' by James Allen; Hudson's 'Law of Psychic Phenomena' and 'Science of Mental Healing;' and subjects of hypnotism and suggestive therapeutics as treated by the Encyclopedia

Brittanica or the Century Dictionary. There is no space for prolonged argument here.)

Now for my argument that the chief crime of patent medicine is in making ills to produce a market for its cures:

“The power of suggestion that cures a patient of an ill will work in opposite order if willed. By suggestion the symptoms of disease may be made to vanish; by suggestion the symptoms of disease may be made to appear.

“Every suggestion of the average heavily advertised patent drug is but a suggestion to the subjective minds of the credulous to produce in them the symptoms of the disease for which the drug is prescribed.

“Picture to yourself the expectant mother reading an ad. of Lydia Pinkham or Dr. Pierce. In that eventful, soul-trying period of life, when death, and death alone, is all the future woman dreams and pines upon, every straw is a life raft; every suggestion, no matter how false, a ton in the scales, against reason.

“Picture to yourself the average tired, dissatisfied, yearning woman: to this type of woman the sweetest words are words of sympathy for an ill, real or imaginary; she feels an interest in life only if others will agree with her plaints or see in her a suffering, ailing woman. In reality all she needs is a thimble-full of

common sense, ten minutes walk in the fresh air, ventilated corsets and a piece of barrel stave. Instead she gets hold of a Peruna ad. describing the symptoms of a fashionable disease. To bed she goes and Dr. Hartman puts another dollar in his pockets, minus the druggist's commission and the hand-out to the press.

"Imagine, then, the ignorant poor afflicted suddenly with some queer tinge of pain or a cough. Liquozone and Dr. King's New Discovery do the rest for him. Frightened with fears for his family lest he succumb to rheumatism or consumption, as the case may be, he reads the murderous advertisement that in horrible details describes the symptoms, forcing the suggestion, and in truth he does succumb. Suggestion did it.

"Oh, the horrors of it! It sickens me, this vile, disgusting, murderous traffic in human hopes and human lives. And Christianity does not solve the problem.

"The remedy is to educate the people in the fundamental principles of human existence and human needs. An effective remedy might be to first educate our legislators; but this could not be, as politics and politicians are no better and no worse than the mass who give them being—to better our government we must better the governed.

"God, when will it be?"

DEAF HEAR IN THREE MINUTES

Astonishing Demonstration is
Made by Cooper In
St. Louis

St. Louis, Sept. 26, 1906.

On Wednesday afternoon some remarkable demonstrations were given in public by T. L. Cooper, or the "Great Cooper," as he is called, who is introducing for the first time in St. Louis the preparation which created a sensation in Eastern cities.

The demonstrations took place at Mr. Cooper's head-quarters and were witnessed by several hundred people. As nearly as could be learned the facts were these:

At three o'clock in the afternoon the young man agreed to show what one of his remedies would do for deafness, and agreed to make any one present who was afflicted with deafness hear again in less than three minutes.

There were many deaf people present and about a dozen of these, were

given the demonstration, consisting of a single application of one of the Cooper preparations.

The hearing of these people was then tested after an interval of between two and three minutes. The test consisted of questions put to them in an ordinary conversational tone at distances varying from five to thirty feet.

The results were remarkable in the extreme. Some of these people who were treated had been deaf for a number of years. When the first question was asked a look of amazement would spread over their faces and they would forget to answer the question. As the questions were repeat-

FRAUD!

Here is a sample of what the Ledger-Dispatch and the Virginian-Pilot have been giving their readers for news lately. This newspaper article reproduced alongside here is advertising of a patent medicine fraud and is paid for at a good, stiff price, because

the newspapers that are criminal enough to print such stuff try to salve their consciences with a price. Newspapers that will print the advertising of Peruna, Dr. Pierce, and Lydia Pinkham are vile enough, but the public knows it is advertising. With these Andes and Cooper stories printed as news the public is imposed upon, because it has no means of distinguishing it from legitimate news. I repeat here what I have said before: **A NEWSPAPER THAT WILL PRINT THIS STUFF WILL COUNTENANCE MURDER FOR A PRICE.**—(From the Muck Rake.)



The Idea has already been promised that its suggestion in a former number about better form of city government in Virginia will be up in the Legislature. "The morning light is breaking."



We are not bidding for your cheers, nor would we have you hiss those whom we expose. THIS is our object: We are preaching to YOU. GET BETTER GOVERNMENT. THINK, THEN VOTE.

The Idea is a baby-waker; if it jars you don't cry. The sun is already near the zenith. It is just a little foggy and shady—politically, we mean. It's time for you blubbering whining infants to roll out or get pulled out.

FAME.

Their noonday never knows
What names immortal are:
'Tis night alone that shows
How star surpasseth star.

—John B. Tabb.



Victoria Avenue.—The residents of Victoria Avenue in Rivermont, just beyond the Rivermont Bridge, are in a sad plight. They find it next to impossible to go to church at night and the streets almost impassable in the day. The mud for the last several months has been so deep that all planks put down by the residents to walk on in the morning are out of sight in the mire before dinner; and the ladies who like to go out now and then, or have to go out often, after giving up the problem of comfortable egress from their homes, have called on The Idea to say something. Publicity has already bettered conditions in other sections; we trust that this comment will help to bring relief to this much neglected section.

The tax-payers in many sections of the town have been complaining for years of the fact that they cannot get sidewalks and improvements that were almost absolutely necessary to their comfort along their

properties, even after they had agreed to pay their portion of the cost, and in many instances after it had been ordered by the Council. And yet certain favored sections get more than is necessary, and in some instances more than would be wise even if the rest of the citizens were cared for.

Such complaints are continually coming to our attention.

Now, we are in thorough sympathy with every move to beautify our city, but we do believe in providing **NECESSITIES** before providing **LUXURIES**.

Ours is a democratic government founded on the principle of **EQUAL RIGHTS TO ALL** and special privileges to none, and this is what we are contending for. Let our luxuries be so disposed that they will be of value to all, and not to a favored few.

Madison and Federal Streets have been paved (we refer to roadways now), and they make our city more beautiful. This would all be well enough if older and more needful sections occupied by poorer tax payers were not absolutely neglected.

We want wiser expenditure of city monies. We want a **SQUARE DEAL**.



Civic League.—It gives us extrekest pleasure to say a word of commendation of the movement ini-

tiated by a band of public-spirited ladies for "the material and social betterment" of our beautiful city. These ladies, realizing the vastness and far-reaching importance of the work, have succeeded in arousing the citizens into organizing under the most favorable auspices the Civic League of Lynchburg. This organization is officered by our foremost and most public-spirited citizens and they have mapped out for the League work that is obliged to result in the beautifying and bettering of our city. The work of the League, due to Mr. Long and his committee on organization, is put in the hands of committees responsible to a governing board, thus insuring a most expeditious and smooth-running accomplishment of the aims of the body.

We bespeak for the League the hearty sympathy and co-operation (financial first) of every citizen who is interested in the welfare of Lynchburg. The possibilities of the work are almost incalculable. The need is great. Annual membership is one dollar a year. Business men of means are urged to become life members for \$25.00, or sustaining members at \$5.00 a year.

There are committees, as follows:

- (1) Committee on Ways and Means—Mr. John W. Craddock, chairman.
- (2) Press, Publication and Public Meetings—Mrs. John H. Lewis, chairman.

- (3) Sanitation Committee—E. C. Hamner, chairman.
- (4) Public and Private Nuisances—F. L. Knight, chairman.
- (5) Civic Cleaning and Street Improvement—Rev. J. R. Sevier, chairman.
- (6) Depot Improvements—H. H. Harris, chairman.
- (7) Pure Food—Mrs. John H. Christian, chairman.
- (8) Membership Committee—Miss Ella Miller, chairman.
- (9) Private Buildings and Grounds—Mrs. H. C. McDowell, chairman.
- (10) Parks and Public Reservations—A. R. Long, chairman.
- (11) Municipal Buildings—Rev. R. H. Fleming, chairman.
- (12) League Work in Schools—Miss Lucy L. Davis, chairman.

◆ ◆ ◆

The Van Dyke League.—There is no more admirable work being done in Lynchburg than that of the Van Dyke League, an association of women who are maintaining a home where working girls are getting board at less than actual cost. Can't some of the public-spirited men give this league a home better than the Y. M. C. A. building if the ladies want it, so that

they may have ample room for the young ladies who are thronging our industrial city? All success to such a wise, noble and unselfish cause.



“Progress springs from doubt, and until men are dissatisfied with the present order there is nothing for them in the future. The degeneration of nations has always sprung from one reason: they regard their government and religion as perfect. And any man who QUESTIONED either the religion or laws (and these things were always one) was quickly snuffed out. Society has killed and banished its best,—the inventors, originators, the men of genius,—and preserved the commonplace, that is, those without sufficient imagination to picture a better condition.

“And the argument is this: When you are satisfied with your art, your education, your work, your religion, the goverment under which you live, you are dying at the top and had better telephone for the undertaker.”—Hubbard.



I don't reckon there is a single man in Virginia who agrees with me in everything I have to say. It would indeed be strange if God had made even two people so much alike. The Idea is written

to express just what one man thinks, not to keep people from knowing what he thinks.

We don't write to veil our thoughts, but to say something. If you don't like it, why that's all right. The man that will agree with you in everything has no spine. We don't write even to please you or anybody else; we write to make you think. If we accomplish that, then our work is not in vain. If we don't accomplish that, get something out of The Idea by building your fire with it. It certainly ought to be good for something.



WE'LL TAKE IT ALL BACK.

We mean about the price of The Idea. We think we can accomplish more by keeping the price at five cents a copy, and now that we see that it may hurt the circulation some we have hit upon another plan to get ourselves right with the world financially. So we are going to ask that those who sent us \$1.00 subscriptions will send us the name of some friend to whom we can send the magazine for a year before we send back the 50 cents.

DO IT NOW.

The Idea is likely to have something to say next month, besides some announcements to make.

THE MOST STUPENDOUS FACT OF THIS AGE IS THIS: THAT THE GREATEST CIVILIZATION THAT THE WORLD HAS YET KNOWN HAS ALLOWED THE GREATEST OCTOPUS IN THE WORLD'S HISTORY OF MATERIAL EVILS TO FASTEN ITSELF UPON THE BODY AND THE MIND AND EVEN THE SPIRIT OF THE PEOPLE.

Read that again. It's CERTAINLY got you if you don't know what it is and live in this part of the world.



THE SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

How would you like to be carried around by the hind legs with your head dragging the ground, for about an hour or so? Chickens have feelings "like as we," and yet it has become such a common sight here to see four or five chickens with all their legs bound securely together carried around in this manner that we never stop to wonder what they would say of our so-called civilization if they could talk English. This is but one example of the way in which we treat all our animals.

Lynchburgers point with pride to the recent organization of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to

Animals, the last in a trio of public-spirited and altruistic movements just started in their midst. This indeed makes a beautiful picture. May we never tire in such efforts.



'NEATH THE WILLOW.

I sit 'neath a weeping willow tree;
I sit, and seem to dream of thee—
That wert thou ever gone from me
My life would ever drooping be
As droops this weeping willow tree.

* * * * *

Three years have flown; full many a day
Has wrought its change, and gone for aye;
And O! fair one of my life's bright May!
Thy voice is hushed,—sweet roundelay—
Thy young life flitted far away.

Again I sit 'neath the willow tree,
And as I sit I dream of thee,
And know, since now thou'rt gone from me,
My life shall never ceasing be
An ever-weeping willow tree.

Alyn O'Dare.

THE ROYCROFTERS,

East Aurora, N. Y.

July 24, 1906.

My dear Friend:

I must thank you for the copy of The Idea, which strikes me as very good stuff. I am a rebel by instinct and when the rebels succeeded I believe we called them "Saviors."

I have also done a little yelling in my time and am still at it.

So here is a hand-grasp over the miles, for I am ever,

Your sincere

Elbert Hubbard.

Adon A. Yoder,

Idea,

Lynchburg, Va.

THE JUDGEMENT

OF THE PEOPLE OF LYNCHBURG IS THIS:

That anyone who is careful in spending his money will not have occasion to be dissatisfied with his actions if he looks first at the Furniture and prices at

1022 Main Street

A. A. McCORKLE . Furniture, Stoves

The First Number of The Idea

A FEW COPIES left at
Twenty-five Cents each



*Address THE IDEA, Lynchburg, Va., or see
Shepherd, the Newsdealer*

H.E. DeWitt

LUMBER Sash, Blinds and Doors

**Lowest Prices---Highest
Quality.** ————— We
don't count on Big Profits

**Large sales with
small profits en-
able us to give
the greatest sat-
isfaction**

PHONE NO. 60

**SHOP AND YARDS
Cor. 12th and Commerce**



Well, am I sober now,
or am I drunk?

At least you will ad-
mit I have not
shrunk

From calling Spades
by name; nor ever
yet

Have sold my birth-
right for a Pot of
Junk.

—*Fra Elbert.*



The Will White Dry Goods Company

Visit the corner store. Strictly up-to-date in every particular. Shoes, Ladies' ready-to-wear Millinery, Dry Goods, and all kinds of Fancy Novelties. We make a specialty of samples at a great reduction.

The Barry Shoe for men at \$3.00, \$3.50 and \$4.00.

The Selby Shoe for women at \$2.25, \$2.50 and \$3.00.

1101 MAIN ST.—CORNER STORE.

The Will White Dry Goods Company

Nearly Everybody Eats Candy
Everybody would if they knew
Pete's Candy Kitchen

The very best of Everything in Fruits and
Confections. The place to get
a cooling drink

817 MAIN STREET

IF YOUR BUSINESS IS NOT ADVERTISING THEN ADVERTISING FOR SALE

We publish below extracts from a letter from Messrs. Hall & Ruckel, manufacturers of that most excellent dentifrice, "Sozodont"

Besides referring to the very low price per page they write as follows:

THE IDEA, Lynchburg, Va.

Mr. Adon A. Yoder.

New York City.

Dear Sir:

..... Get some one to take our place for next issue, then write us in time for the third from now and we will be with you probably for two successive issues again and maybe more.

We want to congratulate you on the way you have put up of our advertisement in your last issue. We feel that this is better than they can do it here. It looks very attractive.

Respectfully,

HALL & RUCKEL.

ADVERTISING RATES

One page, \$55.00 a year; \$28.00 a half year; \$14.00 a quarter; \$5.00 single insertion. Half page, \$28.00 a year; \$14.00 a half year; \$7.00 a quarter; \$2.50 single insertion.

3100 of August number sold in Lynchburg.

The Very Idea!





The IDEA



The Idea

A REBEL YELL

Vol. I.

December, 1906

No. 6

BEING some sermonettes
published twelve times
a year at Elsewhere, in
Lynchburg, Va., gotten up

ANYWHEN
ANYHOW
ANYWHERE

AS THE
SPIRIT
MOVES



5c a Copy or 50c a Year till the price goes up

Adon A. Yoder, Editor and Publisher



See extra number of The Idea
for details about new paper



The Star Spangled Banner.

How long can it wave
O'er the Land of the Free
And the Home of the Slave



CALL — 2-4-8 — FOR

**Sanitary Plumbing and
High Grade Enamel Ware**

T. C. Moseley

1105 Church Street

Agent for Roberts' Germ Proof Filter

RED HOT! STOVES. Of Course

BEST AND CHEAPEST AT

REAM'S

**IT MIGHT PAY YOU TO LOOK AT OUR
HANDSOME LINE OF FURNITURE, BABY
CARRIAGES AND THE LIKE**

REAMS & CO. 620-622 Main



You are removed from the spirit of
the age and ignorant of the most
startling free thought movement
in the South if you are not reading

The Muck Rake

A new century magazine idea published at
NORFOLK, VA.

To get THE MUCK RAKE before the free-thinking, commonsense folks of Lynchburg I will send it, postage prepaid, for one year, for the half of a dollar; or, if you want to know more about it before subscribing, ask the Editor of The Idea or send 10 cents for a sample copy. It's time you knew.

Mail your subscription today.

THE MUCK RAKE

W. O. SAUNDERS, Publisher - - NORFOLK, VA.



Ought to be Hung

Some new and handsome designs
of WALL PAPER on that faded wall
of yours! It would please your eye
to look over some of our recent patterns

SHOLES BROS. Paper Hangers

EIGHTH STREET

Do You Ever Think

that it would pay you in selecting
Sash, Doors, Blinds and Building Material
to consider Quality in connection with Price?

If you do, this ad's for U
GET THE IDEA?

Wm. O. Taylor, 916-920 Church Street

DOES THE BUSINESS

Nothing gives that delicious feeling of absolute cleanliness to the mouth like

Sozodont

¶ Why? Because its very mission as an Alkaline and Antiseptic Liquid Dentifrice is to permeate the gums and mouth and penetrate the minutest crevices of the teeth, neutralizing and removing mouth acids and antisepticising and cleansing the entire tooth structure.

Its fragrance, too, is delicious and lasting

* Have you ever tried our Sozodont Tooth Powder or Sozodont Tooth Paste? We are sure you will like them.

HALL & RUCKEL
NEW YORK CITY

The Idea

Gotten Out at Lynchburg, Va., by Adon A. Yoder

Dedication

To Jesus—Mary's Son,
Of Nazareth in Galilee;
The Great Rebel against tradition
 The Infidel to the orthodoxy of His day,
The Blasphemer, The Lunatic, The Criminal,
 The Man of Sorrows,—The King of the Jews,
To The Great Teacher,
 The Prince of Peace,
 The Son of God,
This The Christmas Number of The Idea
 Is affectionately dedicated,
In the month of December, *Anno Domini*, The
 Nineteen Hundred and Sixth.



The Idea

Vol. 1

DECEMBER, 1906

No. 6

Gotten up by the Minority in the
Interests of the Majority, and Edited
and Published by Adon A. Yoder

WAGONS ACROSS THE WALKWAYS.

Pedestrians who have to use Jefferson street near the freight depots are bothered by the nuisance of having to wade through the mud around the wagons which are almost continually standing across the walk way in front of Jas. T. Williams & Son's establishment. A few days ago the young man waiting at this point for the wagons to move on called out to the driver to know how much longer they would have to wait for him to get out of the way. He replied: "Look here, mister, we niggers got de drop on you white folks dis time. Our boss is de president ob de City Council."

The same state of affairs exists on Orange

street where Mr. T. A. Jennings' wagons block the way (and on both of these streets there is pavement on only one side.) Here the foundry and planing mill employees have brought this to the attention of the IDEA, and they think it would hardly be allowed if Mr. Jennings were not also in the City Council.

Now we hardly think that this is the reason for this condition of affairs. Even if it is neither of the gentlemen mentioned could be blamed. Nearly every business man takes advantage of such an opportunity to avoid expenses.

The authorities who permit such things are to blame. It ought not to be possible for an individual or firm to profit at the expense of the convenience of the public. Now let the proper authority get busy before we have time to look into it and see who is to blame and give such party an idea. Step lively!

Up on Main street it's just as bad. Bowling & Gilbert operate a gangway across the sidewalk which is not only a greater nuisance than those above mentioned because it makes the ladies get out in the filth of the street, but is even dangerous to passers by.

Now members of these firms mentioned hap-

pen to be our personal friends and acquaintances, but do you think we are going to shut up THE IDEA on such grounds? Nuisances have got to go, even if THE IDEA is a nuisance. We don't happen to think it is yet, tho Mr. Christian and Mr. Glass and certain other gentlemen may.

If the editor of THE IDEA should hang his gate in the street instead of on the inside a member of the police force would likely hand a summons to appear before the mayor and he would have to pay a fine for violating an ordinance. Yet for years Adams-Bros.-Paynes Co. have had their gates hung in the street at their yards on Park Avenue and the police have been blissfully ignorant of it. You see the mayor has not yet instructed them to see this violation on the part of the big corporation. Why this concern actually has large platforms built out in the street on which to stow their goods but the police actually don't know anything about it. You see they are always looking at the mountain scenery when they pass this way. But we'll soon have a paper in Lynchburg, whereby to instruct the infantile mayor and the rotund chief.

Below we print a letter from a prominent lawyer which speaks for itself:

Lynchburg, Va., Nov. 20, 1906.

THE IDEA COMPANY, CITY.

Gentlemen:—I enclose you a subscription regularly filled out for \$4.00 for one year's subscription to the new daily paper. I do not remember whether I have subscribed before or not. It was my intention to do so when the matter was first mentioned, but out of abundant caution I enclose you this subscription, not wishing in any event to be left out of the procession for a subscription to the new paper.

I wish also to state that if you do start a new paper, I hope to give you some legal advertisements, as the Lynchburg *News* has been charging us outrageously for advertisements, and the very fact that they charge people in Lynchburg more for their paper than they do people out of the city would make me willing to subscribe to anything that would break up what I regard as a very oppressive monopoly.

I hope you much success.

Yours very truly,

An ounce of publicity will kill a pound of rascality.

* * *

WHITE ROCK HILL

At the request of a prominent resident of White Rock Hill, we took an afternoon off last week and inspected, in company with a group of taxpayers of that section, the conditions which exist in this much-neglected portion of town, and we must confess that the results were rather astounding.

White Rock Hill commands a better and more picturesque view of the river than any point in the city. Rivermont can't be compared to it in extent of view.

Buena Vista street (Beautiful View, most appropriately named), which divides the hill, and on which the car line runs, is destined, on account of its natural advantages to become one of the most beautiful residence streets of the city. It was formerly the county road which all teams from the Eastern part of the county used, and when the county owned it, it was kept in good repair. Now the Traction Co's rails have so usurped the roadway that it

can no longer be safely used, and residents of the county have to take a different and more roundabout route to get into Main street.

At the junction of this street with Main street, where the car line turns down Main, the tracks are so placed with reference to the road bed that it is impossible for even very light vehicles to cross in safety. The rails here are 12 inches above the road on a perpendicular line. Vehicles have to drop 12 inches into a washout—then the tracks are so curved that the chances are that the wheels will get caught in this rut and broken, as has been done at this point. (A prominent doctor recently had to get out of his buggy and lead his horse over the track at this point.)

An ice wagon was so broken up that now the ice men refuse to deliver ice in this neighborhood. A delivery wagon of Thaxton Bros. was so smashed up by the track here that a new wagon had to be sent for.

A little lower down on Main street (Main street, mind you) the car tracks usurp just two thirds of the road way, leaving only about 8 feet of gullywashed road between the tracks and a rough fence. On this fence a farmer was

almost killed by his team being scared while in this rut. This fence is in the centre of the right of way of the street; the other half of the street (Main St.) is a ravine. On the other side of the street are high banks which might easily be used by the city to fill the ravine.

For many blocks in this vicinity the Traction Co. has placed its old rails in the street bed, a menace to teams and a direct danger to the life of man or horse that happens to pass. In one place we measured a distance of eight feet to a rail lying in the middle of the road with one end a foot off the ground, nicely placed to break some horse's leg—and no lights on the corners at night, too.

Now the position of these rails has several times been pointed out to the authorities by the citizens (tho the Company ought to tend to that, and in case of their continual negligence like the present the police ought to be "*instructed*" by the Mayor to report it). Citizens have reported this and yet nothing has been done.

The Traction Company by some hook or crook has certain privileges with the streets here that citizens can not get. I can't throw a

tin can in the street, but they can endanger life and property by piling and leaving piled for months heavy rails in the very middle of the roadway. If the proper authorities don't look after the interests of the people, the city is apt to have a heavy damage suit on her hands.

But worst, perhaps, of all is the fact that over all the top of this hill there is absolutely no sewerage. Taxes have been collected from these properties since the incorporation, and yet the people have gotten almost absolutely no returns in the way of public improvements in all that section. Big gullies are washed through private lots just because the city provides no drainage. Where is the Board of Health that the spot has no sewerage, and about fifty new houses have gone up here in the last two years.

In all our walk we found only two very small pieces of pavement. Now the people here have a right to kick. No sewerage, no pavements, no roadway, no light, no ice service, while Rivermont, recently incorporated, has thousands of dollars spent in improvements and the money furnished by tax-payers who

get no returns.

Now if the City Council finds that they are too busy to look into the merits of proposed improvements, if they find that the body is too large and unwieldy to accomplish results in a satisfactory, and impartial and business-like manner (and such seems certainly to be the case), then the time has come for them to provide us with a more business-like form of government.

President Williams, in his address has pointed out the necessity of doing something. Mr. Pettyjohn has recently offered a resolution looking to the solution of the question by getting a "board of control," to have charge of city affairs.

By all means let the Council, composed of business men, give us as economical and business-like form of government as they have in their own management of corporate interests.

There is not a man on the Council who would consent for any of his private interests to be managed by any such crude and out of date plan as that by which the people's affairs are run.

We have much better management than we

used to have; and much better than most cities have, but we can't have things done right if we turn over everything to men who get no pay for their service, nor thanks for what is well done, but do get *cussed* out and *kicked* out for what is badly done.

Let all details come before salaried officers fitted for the work and *responsible* to the Council. Give us business—give us economy, and don't let one section be neglected just because they don't have an influential man on the Council to look after their interests.

* * *

Haven't you noticed the increased size of the News lately? And the way they are taking up the fight started by THE IDEA? "Scared." I should smile. Actually jumping all over the Traction Co. It begins to look like we are going to have two dailies here instead of none. And you just watch the advertising rates drop. "The Rubicon is *crossed*." The fight is on to a finish. Or maybe Mr. Glass is looking for a job as reporter on THE IDEA—he's getting so radical and democratic—Hus-s-sh! Don't wake the Baby!

AN ASTOUNDING POSITION

The Lynchburg News of Nov. 11 came out in an editorial in favor of extending the city limits, and gave as a reason for the proposed extension that the "Board of Trade," a business organization, had endorsed the plan, and that therefore the City Council could not afford to act contrary to the wishes of the *business interests* of the *business men*.

Now THE IDEA wants to call the attention of the citizens to the fact that what is to the interests of the business men is not necessarily to the interest of the people.

That sounds like the tommy-rot used by the Republicans as argument for the high tariffs. Its not Democracy.

And yet we have Mr. Glass, the Democratic Representative, calling on the Council to act in the interests of the *business men*—*i. e.*, to enact *class* legislation.

We are not discussing just now the extension of the city limits. (Its high time we were extending them, tho by no means as extremely as is the present plan.) We are just now decrying *class* legislation, of which there has been

too much in Lynchburg in the past. Just look at the absurdity of that argument again—*The City Council ought to do what the business men want them to do.* What do you think of it?

Our city government is not “of the business men for the business men, by the business men;” nor “of, for or by” any other class of citizens, however worthy that class of citizens might be (and we think our business men are much above the average as a class, but they are a class, and cannot speak for the people as a whole) our government is, or ought to be, *Democratic*, not classocratic.

Now by all means let the Council take in the suburbs, and let the city be as big as it is, but is there any reason under the sun why we should extend the limits to Bedford county, just because certain real estate men want us to, or certain business men would be helped by it. The City Council is a rather level-headed body, tho composed entirely of the one class of *business men*, and we do not think that they will do anything just because the “business men” or the “Board of Trade” wants it done.

Yes, extend the city limits, but don’t take in every cow pasture between here and the big

toe of the Blue Ridge.

* * *

Talking about class, THE IDEA is not run in the interests of any class. We don't espouse the cause of the business men; as such they are abundantly able to look out for themselves. WE don't espouse the cause of the laboring man *as such*, tho God knows it any *class* needs it, it is the laboring class. THE IDEA is fighting for *all* the people, for equality, for justice, "for special privilege to none," and since laboring men compose about 95 per cent of our population, we are fighting his fight when we fight the fight of the people. He certainly needs a *voice* in the government, but he is generally too busy feeding his family to even know how to use his voice, if he had one, in his own behalf. The laboring man needs a REPRESENTATIVE; the moneyed man has both time and money to look out for himself.

Now if we were in this business to get rich we'd sell what little brains we've got to the rich men, to the business men; we'd feed 'em on taffy as the "News" does, and we'd have to double the advertising space; they'd just eat

us up ; but we would not enjoy that ; we are in this for fun, for happiness, and its the sweetest thing in the world just to *scrap* for what you believe to be the right. Why a barrel of money can't buy the satisfaction that comes from simply doing your *little part* without selling your conscience for a dollar.

What's money good for, anyway, except as a means of buying happiness, and if you can get the happiness without scratching for the dollar, then you are rich. *I'm a Millionaire.*

Now there is something akin to pain when one feels that he has made enemies (tho he may be no enemy himself) or is misunderstood, or has perchance really hurt, in a way, some who would get in the way of the line of march, but it is not near as harmful as the remorse or regret of neglecting an opportunity of bettering the conditions of an individual or a class or a nation.

We sell *Ideas* just because we enjoy it— that's all.

* * *

A little more on this line—

We like to see old Lynchburg grow. We

can't help but feel pride in her progress in whatever line of commendable endeavor. We even like to see the big buildings go up, the shoe factories and the like, and yet such things don't need any boosting up at the hands of THE IDEA. Fact is in our commercial city we are getting to look on the building of factories as an index to the real progress of the city, when sometimes it is but a weak spot in the march of the race—i. e., the factory, instead of helping the progress of the race, hinders it.

If Craddock-Terry Co's factory in West End or Witt's in South Lynchburg is going to increase the number of pale faces and emaciated forms and weak bodies and lustreless eyes and sad hearts in our midst, then I wish they would not build them.

We've stood on 12th street in the twilight of the early frosty mornings and looked into the grim faces of the factory employes as they hurried to the daily grind at the mills; we've watched them as they trudged languidly home at night, weak and worn with the increased tear on the nerves and the muscles, and we saw in many a face the hounded expression that came with the realization that its owner

was no better off physically, morally, mentally nor financially, than the day before. When we saw this, and when we face this sight often now day after day, often a tear steals down. You say its effeminate. They come from the fountain head of all the *manhood* we possess.

No, we don't wan't to see any more factories if it means that. Perhaps their offspring will be our offspring—who knows?

* * *

And don't you know that there are some poor fools in Lynchburg who think that if a man calls attention to an existing evil he is a pessimist.

If it be pessimism to fight for better things by explaining evil, then God deliver us from optimism. Truth is, THE IDEA is the most optimistic paper that ever appeared in Lynchburg. We not only see the evil, but we see the remedy. The rascals have got to go. We are going to see that we have legislation to meet the evils as they are, and put them out of business; the country is full of muck rakes and ideas to cleanse our civilization of the muck—it takes a little time.

A friend sends the following verse ;

Look, you simmering coals of fire,

It's hard to make the truth a liar,
To feel the heat and get the burn.

The next time we are sure to spurn,
Not truth, but him who stands for wrong.

And this shall be our morning song,
Stand fast, you men of noble right,

Join in and help us make the fight.
The rope's been pulled ; the chimes peal out,
THE IDEA is your humble scout.

* ○ *

What do you think we saw on Ninth street
tother day ? Three calves, tongues out, eyes
popping out with fear and pain, laying pros-
trate in a butcher's wagon which was being
driven unmercifully fast over the rough cobble
stones of lower Ninth street. We mention this
for the benefit of the Society for the Preven-
tion of Cruelty to Animals.

* * *

We got a letter the other day addressed to
the "Editor of the Idea, Glassville, Va."

DANGEROUS

When you hear a fellow say: "THE IDEA is a bad thing; that fellow's dangerous; there's no telling who he'll attack next," you had better watch him.

You know railroad trains are dangerous, especially to idiots—they have not got sense enough to get off the track—Mentally defective—Yes THE IDEA is dangerous—to the morally defective.

It'll pay you to watch the fellow who thinks THE IDEA *dangerous*.

It might pay you too to notice what class of people think THE IDEA ought to be put out of business.

There's Mr. Glass—There's Mr. Christian, and there are the whiskey folks.

Birds of a feather flock together.

* * *

Talking about Commonwealth's Attorney, maybe we ought not to blame Mr. Yancey for keeping the job he's got after all. Here's what we ought to do: The salary of the office ought to be increased to, say, \$1,500 at least, so that a big enough man could be justified in accepting it.

THE LIGHTS WERE OUT

One of our citizens was walking along Main street on a recent dark night while the \$3,000 lights were out, when something got him in the center of his rather corpulent anatomy, "all of a sudden like." On examination he found that he had come in contact with one of the post that the city had placed along the street about twelve years before to keep people from falling into the ravine below. This was out about 19th street. The streets have been filled in but the post remain to endanger the lives of the citizens. Moral, when you go out at night "in these parts" take your lantern with you, for the Lynchburg Traction Co. is like unto the five foolish virgins whose "lights are gone out."



A SONG OF LIFE

ALYN O'DARE

Early in the month of May,
Fragrant, bright and happy day,
Sat we on an ancient stone—
God around us, Him alone—
Heaven only then was there;
Earth had flitted. Free from care—
Save my caring for her love,
Love divine like that above.

And I told her—tried to tell—
She might make my heaven a hell
Or my earth the highest heaven,
By her answer to me given.

Then as silence stole awhile,
Noted she the modest smile
On a blushing little flower,
Scarcely blown in half an hour,
Lifting up its petals sweet
Near her silken-sandaled feet,
Stooping o'er, she plucked the bloom,
Placed it in the spacious room
Of a leaf my fingers turned,
Heart's ease soon its name I'd learned;

And the leaflet, seeming bold,
Wrapped the bud within its fold.

“ You the bloom, the leaflet I?”
Was my questioning reply,
And her answer tho’ ’twas brief,
To the point, “ My hearts-ease leaf?”
Scarce was spoke or scarce was heard,
When the action to the word,
I, to play the leaflet’s part,
Gently pressed her to my heart :
Blushing, trusting, fragrant bloom,
Fragile, wild geranium.

And I pledged her all my life,
She would be my sweetheart wife ?
I would fold her in my care,
What might chance or when or where ;
I would shield her from all grief,
I would be her heartsease leaf,
All I begged for was her love,
True to me she’d ever prove ;
And her answer me was given,
Which has made my earth a heaven :
She would be my flower sweet,
Make my empty life complete :

'She would be my sweetheart wife
Through the changing scenes of life.

But words are lying little things—
Build upon them they take wings ;
You are left to pine and grieve,
Words were made but to deceive,
So when words could not express
All the thoughts we would profess,
Heart to heart spoke thro' the eye
In actions that can never lie ;
And my life began again
On that day spent in the glen ;
For a man's a man alone
When a woman thinks him one ;
And he drifts upon the sea
Till a pilot findeth he.

Well, my friend, you know the rest—
How I made this cozy nest
Here among the ancient hills,
Here beside the rippling rills,
Here where sweetest flowers bloom
For my sweet geranium.
Here where Otter's azure peak
Rears as tho with God to speak :

Where the James serenely flows
Giving life where'er it goes;
Where the very woodlands ring
With the songs the mockers sing.

How four little ones have come,
Ed and Annie, Bess and John;
How she's been my sweetheart wife,
How I've shielded her thro' life;
How the rugged road we've trod,
Looking upward to our God;
Till the grey is in her hair,
And my locks are wintered sere.

Yes, mistakes we've made, I know,
None is perfect here below;
But I know we're journeying home,
And I do not fear the tomb,
For God knows we've e'er been true,
And God is love—He'll love us too.

* * *

THE JUDGE_MENT

OF THE PEOPLE OF LYNCHBURG IS THIS:

THAT anyone who is careful in spending his money will not have occasion to be dissatisfied with his actions if he looks first at the **FURNITURE** and prices at

1022 MAIN STREET

A. A. McCORKLE - Furniture, Stoves

SANTA CLAUS lives over our Store
and keeps us supplied with

**Xmas Candies
Raisins, Figs**

And the most delicious Fruits and Creams

Pete's Candy Kitchen 817 Main

AT the corner of 11th and Main is
an Artist's Studio (and there's
a difference between an artist and a mere
photographer). When you have your
picture taken you want something artistic

ERGO SEE **Blencowe**

A Christmas Idea

A Beautiful Picture

WILL PLEASE ANYONE

Tyree's Art Store

ONLY EXCLUSIVE ART
DEALER IN THE CITY

216 Eleventh St.

Will White Dry Goods Co.

"If the hollow of your foot make a hole in de groun'
De aint no Virginny blood in you;
My folks' instep rise up lak a moun',
And de QUALITY am shown in de shoe."

The Barry Shoe for Quality
Dry Goods and Notions Cor. 11th & Main

It's a Genuine Pleasure

To let a BARBER--who knows how—
do the shaving act for you.

CARL MATTHEWS

who knows how—has just opened a new
shop in the little street by the side of the
Lynchburg National Bank.

Look Out for His Sign==Twill Pay

E. W. PUCKETT

A Contractor with One Arm

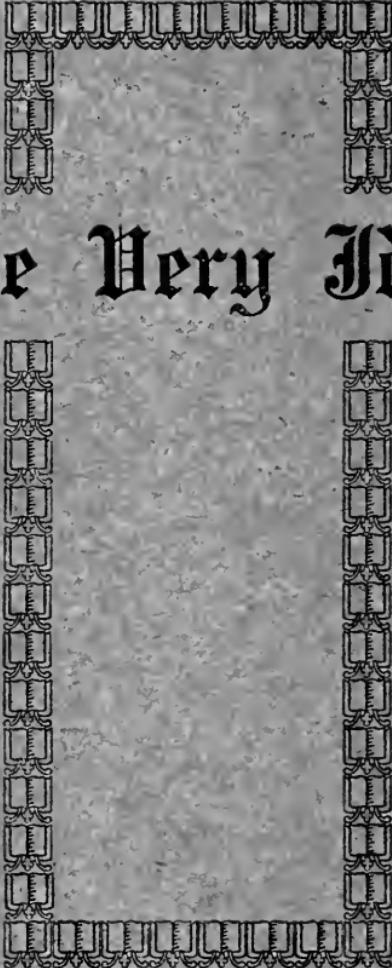
¶After all, its head work and not hand work that makes a good contractor. It gives The Idea pleasure to recommend the head work of Mr. Pucket.

Phone 1708 321 Wordsworth

Count that day lost whose low-descending sun

Views from thy hand no worthy action done.

Patronize THE IDEA by patronizing our advertisers.



The Very Idea

When? For Xmas
What? Goodies
Why? Best

Where?

THOMAS BROS.
1013 Main Street

Strictly fresh home-made Candies and foreign and domestic Fruits. :: :: :: Best attention to Phone messages.

The Idea

A REBEL YELL

Vol. I. January, 1907 No. 7

BEING some sermonettes
published twelve times
a year at Elsewhere, in
Lynchburg, Va., gotten up

ANYWHEN
ANYHOW
ANYWHERE

AS THE
SPIRIT
MOVES



5c a Copy or 50c a Year till the price goes up

Aden A. Yoder, Editor and Publisher

THIS is the seventh number of "THE IDEA." :: Your subscription will be appreciated, and it will help us much in our fight against existing evils. :: Fifty cents a year, five cents a copy, till the price goes up.

CALL— 2-4-8—FOR

**Sanitary Plumbing and
High Grade Enamel Ware**

T. C. Moseley

1105 Church Street

Agent for Roberts' Germ Proof Filter

RED HOT! STOVES. Of Course

BEST AND CHEAPEST AT

REAM'S

**IT MIGHT PAY YOU TO LOOK AT OUR
HANDSOME LINE OF FURNITURE, BABY
CARRIAGES AND THE LIKE**

REAMS & CO. 620-622 Main

All the Boys in Lynchburg
Will Enjoy the Muck Rake

The Muck Rake

Is about the most widely abused publication in the South. Some folks say it is positively the worst thing that ever happened, others say it is the best. Such contrasts of opinion only denote that there is something in it.

Young Women Read The Muck Rake

Because it treats of their sex in an honest, outspoken, fearless way that demands attention. Some of the features to run shortly in The Muck Rake are "The Crime of the Clairvoyant" and "Why Girls Go Wrong."

Send Fifty Cents for a year's subscription to
W. O. SAUNDERS, Editor

THE MUCK RAKE, Norfolk, Va.

Ought to be Hung

Some new and handsome designs
of WALL PAPER on that faded wall
of yours. It would please your eye
to look over some of our recent patterns

SHOLES BROS. Paper Hangers
EIGHTH STREET

Do You Ever Think

that it would pay you in selecting
Sash, Doors, Blinds and Building Material
to consider Quality in connection with Price?

If you do, this ad's for U
GET THE IDEA?

Wm. O. Taylor, 916-920 Church Street

THE APPAREL OFT PROCLAIMS THE MAN

Keep your clothes neat and attractive by having them renovated by experienced tailors.

McDonald & Duffner

(Formerly with S. H. Franklin)

TAILORS AND RENOVATORS

215 Eighth St., Under Arlington Hotel

Don't Read This

It is not an advertisement. Our work is our best advertisement. This is just to remind those who don't have **Papering** done every day that our number is **727 Main, corner 7th.**

S. A. SMITH = Paper Hanger
'Phone 165

THE IDEA

Gotten Out at Lynchburg, Va., by Adon A. Yoder

Dedication

To

PATRICK HENRY

Great Lover of Liberty,

Who dared to speak his love.

Spokesman of the Revolution,

Greatest Orator of the Republic.

Soldier, Statesman, Gentleman—

But, most of all, a Rebel,

This, the Seventh number of The Idea,

is affectionately dedicated,

In the month of January, and from the

 founding of the Republic

the One Hundred and Thirty-First year.

The Idea

Vol. 1

JANUARY, 1907

No. 7

Gotten up by the Minority in the
Interests of the Majority, and Edited
and Published by Adon A. Yoder

"Gentlemen may cry, peace, peace; but there is no peace. The war is actually begun———. Our brethren are already in the field.

Why stand we here idle? Is life so dear or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me give me liberty or give me death!"

These words of Patrick Henry are extremely applicable today in reference to municipal cleaning. The war is on in other cities, but Lynchburg still insists on selling its valuable franchises out to corrupt and greedy corporations.

If the old style lamps are the cause of the bad electric lights we'd like for the Traction Company to tell us the cause of the weak gas light. Bad burners, eh? If our Council and Aldermen are weak enough to

let the Traction Company make them take any such argument as that then its time we were getting new Aldermen and Councilmen.

No, we've got bad gas and weak electric currents, and paying double price for both, and the people look to the city government to right this now while they can.

The citizens of Washington are urging the passage of a bill reducing the price of gas from \$1.25 to 75 cents.

Other cities are doing it. Washington will do it, too. But Lynchburg will continue to pay \$1.25 for 35 cent gas.

What we must have is municipal ownership. Let Lynchburg operate its own lighting plants.

But Apperson, with the help of Mr. Jack Lee, persuades the City Councils that they (the Traction Co.) can do it so much better than the Council.

THE PEOPLES' LOBBY.

The organization of the "Peoples' Lobby" at Washington to counteract the work of the corporation lobbies maintained there to corrupt legislation is perhaps the most important thing that has happened in America since the war, and yet the "Lynchburg News" has not let its readers hear a word about it

through its columns.

One of the objects of the lobby is to let the people know what their representatives are doing at Washington.

Judging from Mr. Glass's attitude he would attempt to kill by silence any effort to make his acts public.

We've been wondering for a long time what Mr. Glass has ever done since he went to Congress.

NOW we will be able to find out, both what he has done and what he has not done. Then this district will send a REPRESENTATIVE to Washington.

If you want to find out about this greatest move for the people, read any recent number of Success Magazine.

Some of the folks who don't want to be watched, but need it, are getting mad about this lobby, but the Washington Herald says:

"They are not going to hurt anybody—anybody that's honest."

Read this clipping three times and then you may know why THE NEWS seldom takes a stand on any great moral question.

"The local newspapers and weeklies are seldom independent of the men who advertise. The patent medicine exposures have made that plain."

Nothing—A bung-hole with no barrel around it.

THE MAYOR'S OATH OF OFFICE.

"I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will support the Constitution of the United States and the Constitution of the State of Virginia, ordained by the convention which assembled in the City of Richmond on the 12th day of June, nineteen hundred and one, and that I will faithfully and impartially discharge and perform all the duties incumbent upon me as Mayor according to the best of my ability, so help me God."

Section 48 of the City Code says:

"It shall be the duty of the Mayor to take care that the by-laws and ordinances of the City are FULLY and FAITHFULLY executed and obeyed, and that the duties of the various City officers and servants are faithfully performed."

Another section of the Code gives the Mayor right to "remove from office" any officer or servant of the City who does not do his duty. Thus the Mayor is made the RESPONSIBLE head of the City Government.

If the Chief of Police doesn't do his duty it's up to the Mayor to see that he does, or get his resignation.

According to law again, it is the duty of the Mayor to examine all books and papers of all City officers and see that they are properly kept.

Who ever heard of the Mayor doing anything except preside over the 9 o'clock Court as In-Justice of the Peace.

If he did that "impartially" THE IDEA would not be so quick (after 12 years) to call attention to his other failures to do his duty.

Every winter water discharged from gutter pipes on the side-walk on Ninth Street, between Church and Main (and in many other prominent points), freezes, to the danger of life and limb of pedestrians. It is the duty of the Mayor to see that Section 329 of the Code is carried out.

SIT LUX—LET THERE BE LIGHT.

Some people love Lynchburg enough to make it APPEAR better than it is.

Other people love Lynchburg enough to make it BE better than it is—that's THE IDEA.

The method of the one is concealment, the method of the other exposure.

Concealment—Darkness, Crime.

Publicity—Light, Freedom.

Think you that Folk hurt Missouri by exposure, or that New Jersey is worse off because she knows who the rascals and thieves are, or that America is to be pitied because the meat packers have been brought into the light?

Turn on the light, even if the gas is bad. Sit Lux.

THE COUNCIL ON THE LIGHT QUESTION.

We have not been inclined to severely criticize the present Council in the past, tho our governing bodies have done many things which were far from being ideal. We do not think that it is possible to get ideal legislation under such a system of lack of individual responsibility, tho the individual members of our board were the most conscientious and fair-minded men.

The recent action of the Aldermen, however, in favorably acting on the proposition to let the Lynchburg Traction and Light Company have the franchise for lighting the city has justly aroused almost universal indignation among the citizens on account of the flagrant disregard for the wishes of the people.

The Traction Company has evidently made the Aldermen believe that the whole trouble with the light question here is on account of the old style of lamps used.

And they seem to have been so hypnotized by the officials of that heartless corporation that they never thought to enquire why the little incandescent lights give almost no satisfaction. The quality of the street lamps surely can't effect the amount of light given by the incandescent globes.

The Traction Co. has again shown their faith in the gullibility of the Council by even trying to make

such foolish claims. The trouble is not with the kind of lamps. We have had excellent lights from these same lamps. The Traction Co. is giving us inferior service simply and solely because they find they can make more money by it, and they know that they so have their fingers on the Council that they don't have to give better light.

It has long been a matter of comment that when we pay for a 16-candle power light we got less than half that power and by the Traction Company's own admission we paid for more than the 16-candle power because the meter registers more with a weak currant than with a strong one.

The company is simply not going to the trouble of furnishing more expensive power if they can fake us in the same old way they have been doing.

And they have a right to think they can run affairs after getting the city to give them \$3,000 for nothing. Now, as the Lynchburg News has recently very ably pointed out, (Oh, yes, they are coming,—“Give the devil his due”, this same company can make money and give us electricity at about one-half the present price, as the Water Power Co. is doing in Roanoke today.

All Lynchburg is astounded by this action of the Aldermen in desiring to give a ten year franchise to a company that has shown its utter unworthiness to

own any public franchise.

The Traction Company has violated its contract with the city, and should be the object of the scorn of the Aldermen and the Council.

They have failed to give us the lights contracted for. They have forced upon us worthless gas and electricity, and now when the Council might rebuke them we are about to be bound to them for another ten years of fleecing.

Why, after spending so much money to look into the matter, does not the Council operate its own light plant?

It now seems more appropriate to ask why they don't beg Mr. Apperson to accept a franchise to furnish water to the city at about three prices.

We are not prepared yet to believe that our Aldermen can be bought, but this recent action is certainly calculated to excite suspicion.

Gas!

"He was a-weary, but he fought his fight
And stood for simple manhood, and was joyed
To see the august broadening of the light,
And new earth's heaving heavenward from the void.
He loved his fellows, and their love was sweet—
Plant daisies at his head, at his feet."

—Richard Lealf, about himself just before death.

Not long since Mr. J. A. Watson, secretary of the Lynchburg Trunk M'f'g. Co., was having a heavy motor moved from the old factory on Seventh Street. The wagon had to stand for four or five minutes across the car track while the big motor was being moved up the gang-planks. This, of course, had to delay the street car, but could not be avoided. The car man reported it, in accounting for his delay, to the company. The Traction Company had the driver up in the Police Court and fined.

Lesson: You must not interfere with any plan of the Traction Co. for a moment, but if you are influential enough the Mayor will let you delay or inconvenience the public all you want to. If you are a merchant, and big enough, you may run your gang-planks across the sidewalk as they do on Commerce Street, to the inconvenience of all passers but if you are just a small fruit dealer you can't even display a hazel nut on your fruit stand six inches in front of your place of business, because the order has gone forth to the police that nuts do not come under the head of fruits, which are permitted to be displayed on the sidewalk.

We are very sensitive and it hurts us to have evil things said about us. But we know we are not accomplishing much if we are not spoken evilly of. So

when we get hurt by the things which are said we try to be philosophical, for we believe that there is a "power which makes for righteousness," and that some day those who speak evil now will be glad we did it.

One gentleman whom we had occasion to prod in our last number told us that THE IDEA was nothing but a knocker, and that it was a sacrilege to dedicate the last number of THE IDEA to Jesus of Nazareth.

We proceeded to show him that Jesus was a knocker not only against the administration of civil affairs, but even against the church and the established religion of his country. It is because Jesus was a knocker (a rebel, if you please) that we thought it doubly appropriate to dedicate the Xmas number to him.

We believe in Jesus for this reason more than for any other: That He had the courage to be a knocker, tho he had to pay for it with his life.

If you feel that you deserve a good kicking don't be congratulating yourself; it may be your time next. Back your leg, get right.

Patrick Henry was a knocker, that's why the business men said "Treason." He contended for a better form of government. His speech was calculated to shake up things a little.



There has been a conflict lately between the Police, the Board of Health and the City Inspector as to whose duty it is to remove an old bed-mattress infected with a contagious disease from its position on the hill-side near Rivermont Bridge. Section 225 makes it the Mayor's duty to have it done at the expense of the city.

Article 206: "It shall be the duty of the police to promptly notify the Mayor of all obstructions of the streets."

Another ordinance makes it unlawful to put carriage blocks on the sidewalk (and the Mayor happens to know of the existence of this ordinance, for he has formerly had such obstructions removed). Now he permits influential citizens to have such blocks on Harrison and Madison Streets. A young man, walking with two young ladies, had, to say the least, a rather EMBARRASSING fall over one of these public nuisances recently.

A young man of this city tells us that about six month ago a valuable watch was stolen from him. He reported it to the police, together with the circumstances surrounding it. Mr. Pendleton, the Chief, told him to find the man and get out a warrant, and he would have the party arrested. In other words the robbed party must do the police or detective work.

Soon after a petty theft was committed from a more influential citizen. Two or three police were specially detailed on the case to do the detective work.

The influential citizen gets what he asks for—the man without a pull is told to look out for himself.

How's that for "special privileges to none?"

Have you noticed in this connection how special officers will be sent out of town to look up one suspected of stealing from the railroads here, and then how the papers commend the fine detective work of our police when some poor unfortunate is sent up to the "White House" on weak circumstantial evidence?

Talking about the railroads, one of our wholesale merchants tells us that our city has built up about \$20,000 worth of land for the C. & O. Railway Co. in the last 15 years or so by dumping trash for them on the river front, when this trash should have been dumped in some of the gaping ravines in our streets or in valuable lots—that ravine which cuts into Main Street out about Twentieth Street, for instance. We are unable to figure out just yet why the railroads can always get what they want.

Other big corporation also get what they want for the asking.

We've been looking up Mr. Glass's record in Congress, and considerable space in the February number will be devoted to it.

You can't afford to miss it. Out about the 10th.

TO THE YOUNG FOLKS.

We want to give you a little advice—because it is cheap and we have nothing better to give.

We want to tell you how to have friends, and how to have people say nice things about you. And you won't have any enemies.

That's worth while isn't it?

Well, here's the receipt. Read it carefully:

Just drift with the crowd, and agree with the crowd.

If the crowd goes where you think they ought not, you go with them anyhow, they might get mad if you don't.

If they get into mischief, you get in too.

If they take a few apples that don't belong to them, you eat some too.

If it's a watermelon patch you might as well get the benefit of it. If you don't they won't like it.

By all means be friends. If your Conscience hurts you when they want you to take just one drink, that don't make any difference. Don't break up the friendship just on account of a little conscience.

If they want you to go next time, by all means go. Don't let your conscience bother you. What is conscience between friends.

Then, too, think like the crowd and talk like the crowd.

If you've been thinking certain things are wrong, don't say so in the crowd; somebody might not agree with you. Better agree with your friends for friendship sake.

In short, don't do anything unless the crowd is with you. If it is not popular just keep quiet—put it off.

Popularity, that's it. It's so nice to have friends with whom you are popular.

Life's too short to have enemies.

Now, to give you an example of how nice it is not to have enemies, we are going to name some of those men who never had an enemy?

Walter Oliver, Thomas McBane, Jonathan Crawford, John T. Hall, Edward Todd, William Porterfield.

You never heard of them? Don't know what they did? I don't either. Trouble is they never did ANYTHING, just drifted with the crowd, afraid to do anything; might make enemies. That's the reason you never heard of them—they were cowards.

You've heard of Patrick Henry, tho, haven't you? You know why? Because he did not care if he did have enemies.

You've heard of Jesus, haven't you?? He did not care if he did have enemies.

When a man has enemies its because he's doing what he thinks is right.

If he has no enemies he may be a pretty good fellow in most things, but he's a coward. Nobody is enemy to a bad man (except himself).

Good folks hate evil, but don't hate (bad) people.
Bad folks needn't have enemies.

God deliver us from the man without an enemy.

You are liable to miss some numbers of THE IDEA if you don't subscribe.

And it's only 50 cents a year till the price goes up.

AT THE MINSTRELS, BY THE LOCAL DRAMATIC CLUB.

End man in giving advice what to do about the state of the markethouse on account of the filthy and foul coundition, suggested that a lot of THE IDEAS be collected and burned there so as to de(Y)oderize the place.

In the "Seeing Lynchburg" car named "The IDEA" the guide pointed out the home of Judge Christian, but warned all against making any remarks derogatory to the looks of the house, because the person guilty might be fined for "contempt of court."

It now appears that the contempt case will come up before the Supreme Court about January 15th.

TAKE ME BACK.

(Being the prayer of an aged matron whose youth was spent mid the hallowed and uplifting surroundings of a quiet country neighborhood, among the pine-clad hills of Old Virginia.)

O take me back to the farm, dear,
I'm tired of the city's strife;
O give back the healing balm, dear,
O' the country's lovely life.

These houses and streets and strange faces,
Artificial and vanity seem,
When I think of the love-haunted places
That sweetened my childhood's dreams.

So take me back to the farm, dear,
The city is no place to stay,
Tis filled with sorrow and harin, dear,
Tho' brilliant and noisy and gay.

Just now as I thought of my youth,
These scenes were all hidden from view,
And I was at Father's in truth,
Enjoying the old things anew.

For it seemed that the morning was still, dear,
When 'twas burst with a medley of sound,
As the hill gave back to the hill, dear,
The deep voiced bay of the hound.

And out of the pines came the pack, dear,
And louder grew the refrain,
But as they turned and went back,

It died in the forest again.

And then my reverie was broken,
And I woke with a sigh and a tear,
For naught now remains as a token,—
Save the memory, of scenes that were dear.

And that's why mine eyes are all red,
As I sit in my old arm chair;
'Tis the thoughts of the things that were said,
And the scenes that I saw over there.

So speed me back to the farm, dear,
Away from the hurrying strife,
For I long for the heaving balm, dear,
Of the country's lovely life.

For my home in the country I'm sighing
To live and to lay me to rest,
For whether for living or dying,
The country's God made it, is best.

—Alyn O'Dare.

January 24, '02.
College Park, Va.

If a fellow goes up the street with a spliced broom stick, he is arrested. He ought to be, because he violated an ordinance. If I have the small pox I am sent to the pesthouse; that's the thing to do because I endanger life. Something in Lynchburg worse than small pox—goes down through first, second and third generations. Why not send them to a pest house?

Don't you know there are some folks who think we are getting rich off **THE IDEA**.

Out of that little five cents the printer has to have his two-and-a-half cents and the newsboy one cent and the newsdealer his commission, without mentioning other expenses, so you see we have to sell a big bunch of them even to pay expenses.

It costs us forty-five dollars for one thousand IDEAS with the beautiful ink and paper we use. Well, we do sell a lot of them, and we manage to make a living, that's all. But we are not kicking—except against the evils that be. And those little extras have just about been paying for themselves, that's all.

We lost a great big dollar and forty-nine cents on one issue, but we don't run any ads in them to pay us out.

So we are going to stop issuing extras, except in the most extreme cases.

We write this in order that you may know, that, although we have to eat and drink and wear clothes, and although we are going to try to get all the money out of it we can, and still not be hampered in saying what we please, yet **THE IDEA** is not by any means a gold mine, and we need all the subscriptions we can get while the little thing is in its infancy, to meet our daily expenses and expand to a broader and greater usefulness.

There's a great big work to be done in Lynchburg, and we are going to do it or bust.

Please don't feel that we have quit the fight simply because our lawyers tell us to keep cool and quiet till the case in court is decided.

Lend a hand now in the beginning of the conflict and we won't be embarrassed in the future.

THE IDEA has promised Lynchburg a better state of affairs. The way the authorities have been getting busy just as we expose a wrong shows that **THE IDEA** has accomplished something (and we are not ashamed). But we can not get things entirely right until we get better men in at the helm.

Those officers who are not doing their duty must get out. We've already been looking around for men suitable for positions to be vacated when the people express themselves at election time.

We have in mind two or three good men for Mayor and for other offices. In due season **THE IDEA** will propose names for the consideration of the people, and then when we've found the right man we are going to see that he's elected. **THAT'S WHAT.**

Now we certainly do wish that we did not have this dirty cleaning to do, but it's just got to be done, and nobody else seems willing to do it, so we've had to begin by raising the dust. It's disagreeable, dirty work, and it may hurt our prospects for tomorrow, but what do we care—tomorrow may be judgment day.

We won't have to go to Hades if we've been at work.

A friend writes:

A doctor said to a lady who lives in Madison Heights: "I will see you next, as you live in Madison and have to go up that dark street."

She replied: "Thank you, doctor, but it's not Madison Heights I'm afraid of, it's going down Ninth Street and across the bridge." We ask, "where are we at."

The city has a splendid man on as police who

watches the Amherst bridge in day time. Now the police have jurisdiction across the bridge. I ask, has a policeman ever been on this bridge at night. If not, they ought to, and just see what goes on in plain view of the Courthouse on Amherst bridge across the river.

Those in authority say that this bridge can carry a wagon with 2,000 pound on it, so this is the capacity of the bridge, and when a wagon is being drawn across it the old bridge rocks like a ponderous cradle, side ways, crossways, upways and downways. Take fair warning: it WILL be downways before long, and then the city will sure enough feel the neglect when some poor widow sues for \$100,000 damages.

FORWARD FOR 1907.

"THE ROAD TO HELL is paved with good resolutions," and yet your preacher would not advise you to refrain from good resolutions, especially at this time of the year. For our past whether we are bound for Hell or for Heaven we certainly want a good PAVEMENT.

We find ourselves therefore making resolutions. We have made this resolution:

First—That THE IDEA is going to see to it that we have a better administration of city affairs.

And to that end we are going to ask the hearty co-operation of every Lynchburger, who has the interest of his city at heart.

Now we want to suggest to you one way in which you may help bring this about, namely; patronize THE IDEA.

First—By subscribing: mail your subscription today to the Editor THE IDEA, city, or call up 'phone

560 and we'll come to see you; do it now. The price is only 50 cents till it goes up.

Second—By buying from our advertisers,—they tell us you have already been doing that; well, keep it up, and say you saw their ad in **THE IDEA**, that will help us.

We feel greatly encouraged by the prospect of things in our devoted city.

When the first number of **THE IDEA** appeared we feared that about all we would accomplish would be to lose our job. Instead **THE IDEA** has been a howling success ever since it started.

True our net income has been slightly less than when we were otherwise employed, and besides this we've had some pretty heavy legal expenses to meet. This little contempt case will cost us about \$450.00 and we are not in a fix to pay it, but some of our friends have said they were going to help us do that and we know they will, but we think you are interested enough in the good work of publicity of wrong that we have accomplished to also lend what aid you can. Now our lawyers, the best in the State, Messrs. Montague and Strode, have to be paid for their services. Their fees were not unreasonable, as lawyer's fees go, but they were lawyers fees and you know what that means. Now the only way we know of to get rid of this is to pay it.

Now you can help us to keep up the work without embarrassment by the two ways mentioned above.

Patronize our advertisers and then stop squeezing that dollar in your hand and divide it, send along your little 50 cent piece for **THE IDEA** for a year, and if you don't think its worth it,—well, we won't send it back, you are too hard to please.

We said we felt encouraged—yes we do: because the authorities have done nearly everything we told them to do. But they have not done it all, in fact there is yet a great work to be done and we are going to do it, whether you put your little 50 cent collection in the basket or not.

The Traction Company has got to get right.

Gas is too high, and no good at that.

Electricity is in the same fix, and the Council, after being kicked about by this fleecing concern, is just considering giving them a contract for another ten years. Just think of it.

So the Council must be looked after.



Then there's the contemptible mess with the whiskey business, but hush! We must not mention this yet awhile.

Then the Traction Company must put fenders on their cars. Then there are the streets to be looked after and the telephone rates, the gambling dens and a thousand and one other things, which will be treated in detail as we have space.

Then, too, each month develops something startling which the newspapers find to their interests to keep quiet. But we are not going to tell you what we have in store yet. We have enough red hot stuff now on hand to fill several IDEAS.

After a month or so THE IDEA will appear about the first of each month. Look out for it. It will be on sale at Shepherd's, 908 Main Street. You may also get back numbers from Shepherd.

THE JUDGEMENT

OF THE PEOPLE OF LYNCHBURG IS THIS:

THAT anyone who is careful in spending his money will not have occasion to be dissatisfied with his actions if he looks first at the **FURNITURE** and prices at

1022 MAIN STREET

A. A. McCORKLE - Furniture, Stoves

“All’s well that ends well”

Dinner will end so well if the
CREAM AND CONFECTIONS
are from

Pete's

817 MAIN STREET

ET the corner of 11th and Main is
an Artist's Studio (and there's
a difference between an artist and a mere
photographer). When you have your
picture taken you want something artistic

ERGO SEE **Blencowe**

For Rent Two nice front rooms
with bath, in new
house near car line. In residence
section, but near business section.

¶We need someone in the house
when the good man takes a journey,
So we offer for only Five Dollars.
Address A. B. C., Lynchburg, Va.

Will White Dry Goods Co.

" If the hollow of your foot make a hole in de groun'
 De aint no Virginny blood in you ;
My folks' instep rise up lak a moun',
 And de QUALITY am shown in de shoe."

The Barry Shoe for Quality Dry Goods and Notions Cor. 11th & Main

I'm Busy Half My Time

And would like to do something in the way of office work for the other half. Am an experienced book-keeper, and can show best references. Would attempt most any kind of useful work at a reasonable figure. Address A. B. C., Lynchburg, Va., General Delivery, city

You may have all my time if you will let me use part of it.

E. W. PUCKETT

A Contractor with One Arm

¶After all, its head work and not hand work that makes a good contractor. It gives The Idea pleasure to recommend the head work of Mr. Pucket.

Phone 1708 321 Wordsworth

THE IDEA is still in its infancy. And yet if it accomplishes half as much during its youth in proportion to its age we will be abundantly satisfied.

THE IDEA will be published twelve times a year, as formerly, and will be issued soon after the first of each month.

THE IDEA will fearlessly attack every public evil at any cost.

Subscribe, and then you won't miss any of it.

Your subscription will help us much, as both paper and printing cost money here in America.

Address all communications to THE IDEA, Adon A. Yoder, Editor, 'Phone 560, Lynchburg, Va.



The Very Idea

Which is to say

That after February 1
I will be located at

213 Ninth Street

Where the Antiseptic
Laundering Co. used
to be, with an up-to-
date BAKERY and a
full line of Fruits and
Confections.

C. B. Roberson

(FATHER'S BREAD)

The Idea

A REBEL YELL

Vol. I. February, 1907 No. 8

BEING some sermonettes
published twelve times
a year at Elsewhere, in
Lynchburg, Va., gotten up

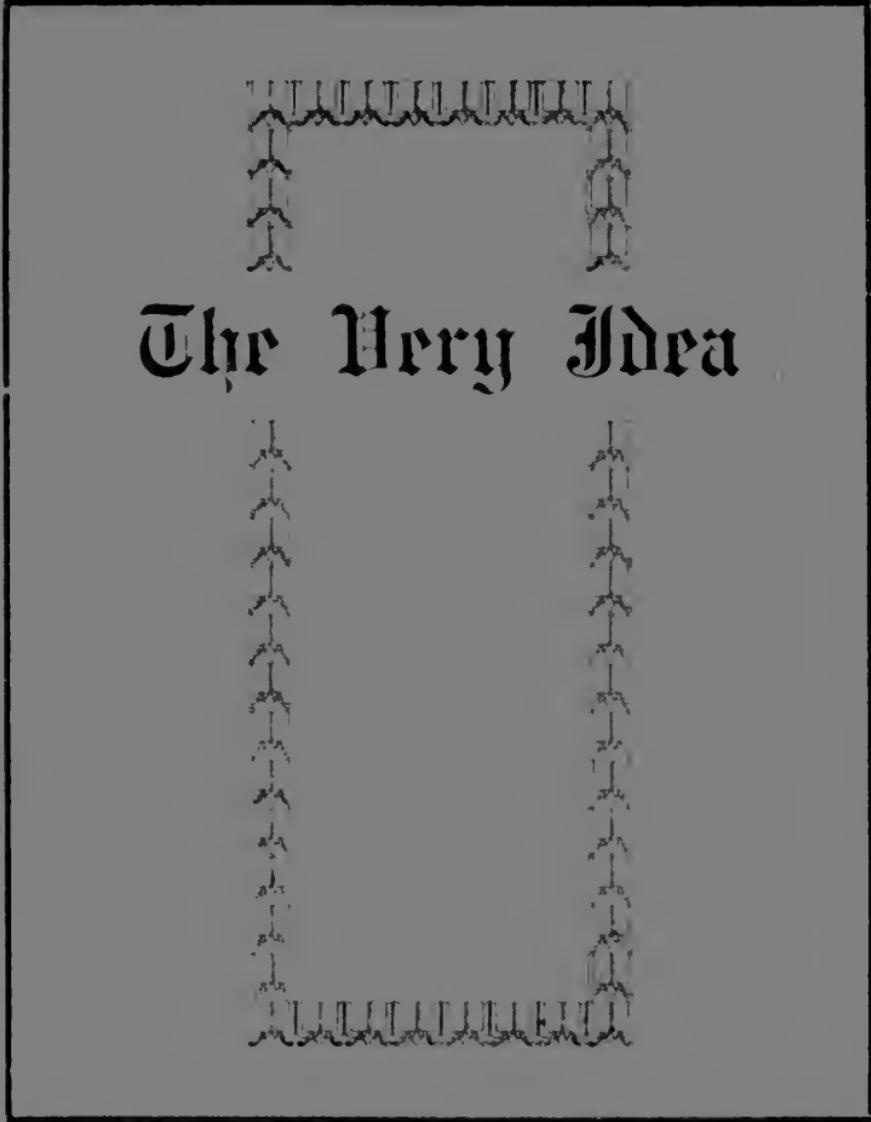
ANYWHEN
ANYHOW
ANYWHERE

AS THE
SPIRIT
MOVES



5c a Copy or 50c a Year till the price goes up

Adon A. Yoder, Editor and Publisher



The Very Idea

CALL = 2-4-8 = FOR

**Sanitary Plumbing and
High Grade Enamel Ware**

T. C. Moseley

1105 Church Street

Agent for Roberts' Germ Proof Filter

Don't It is not an advertisement.
Read Our work is our best ad-
This vertisement. This is just to
remind those who don't have
Papering done every day that
our number is **727 Main, cor. 7th.**

S. A. SMITH = Paper Hanger

'PHONE 165



MARRIED?
ANY BABIES?
REAMS & CO.



Ought to be Hung

Some new and handsome designs
of WALL PAPER on that faded wall
of yours. It would please your eye
to look over some of our recent patterns

SHOLES BROS. Paper Hangers

EIGHTH STREET

Do You Ever Think

that it would pay you in selecting

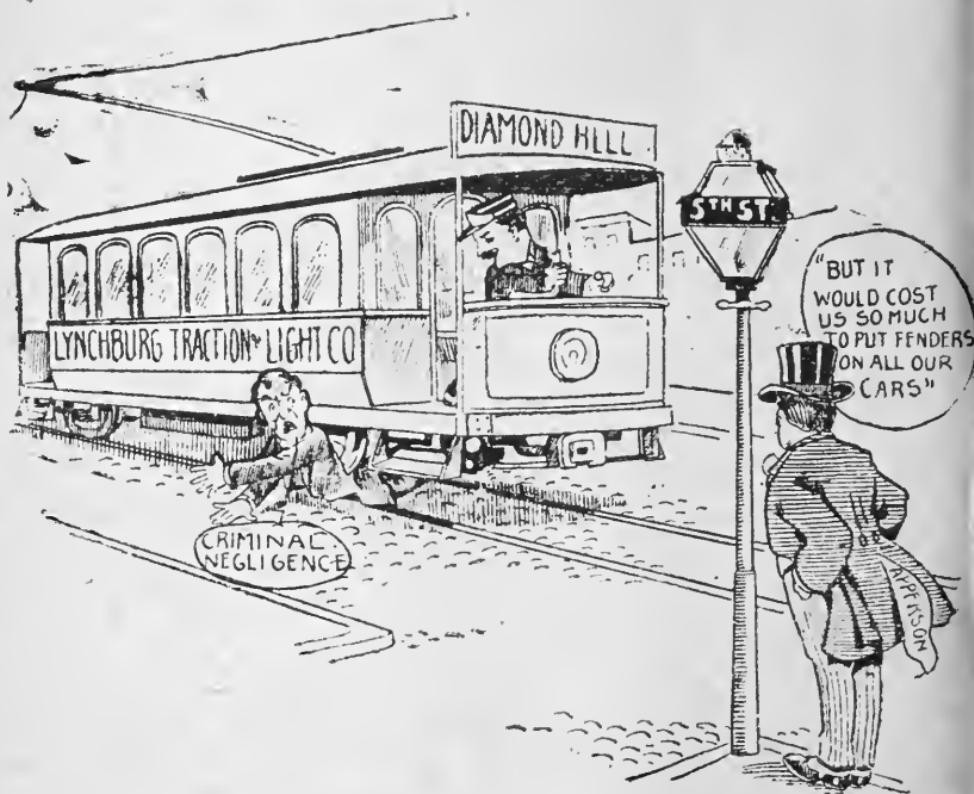
Sash, Doors, Blinds and Building Material

to consider Quality in connection with Price?

If you do, this ad's for U

GET THE IDEA?

Wm. O. Taylor, 916-920 Church Street



THE IDEA

Gotten Out at Lynchburg, Va., by Adon A. Yoder

DEDICATION

TO THE PRINCELY REBEL

Robert Edward Lee

Faithful Son—Kind Husband—Wise Father
Peerless Leader, Teacher, Friend.

Earth's only great War Captain, the motive and causes
of whose achievements was the sweet, sad call of Duty.

Not ambition, nor gain, nor conquest, nor glory, nor
what the world holds dear, but love for the home and
the state that gave him such high ideals, duty, etc.

Duty to principle and the hallowed associations of his
mother land made of him the Great Rebel and Great
Traitor without a peer to lead in the great cause of
Freedom espoused by the

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY.

The Idea

Vol. 1

FEBRUARY, 1907

No. 8

Gotten up by the Minority in the
Interests of the Majority, and Edited
and Published by Adon A. Yoder

Here's to the Patriot Traitor,
Virginia's Rebel, Lee.

Some have been hung and some have been crowned
For doing less than He.

Duty—The sublimest word in the English language. R. E. Lee.

For our part we can not see why any American, certainly any Virginian, should raise a howl when any one refers to the Confederates as Rebels, when the fame of every pre-eminently great American, of whom the greatest have been Virginians, rests primarily on their achievements as rebels and traitors.

And if there is any Virginian who would not be a rebel and a traitor, too, when duty calls, such a one is unworthy of his heritage.

Bacon, Henry, Washington and Lee were all rebels, and Traitors as well, and it is therefor that we honor their memories.

When Virginians look down on the name "Rebel" they become in spirit traitors to the very spirit of their State, whose official seal is the rebel yell, "Down

with the Tyrant.' And this right to be rebels against the government is specifically reserved by the people in their constitution, nay, in the very Declaration of Independence itself.

We quote:

"Whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends (the right of all to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness) it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundations on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness."—Declaration of Independence.

Gorky, a writer of much power, and an unselfish and honest man, came to this country a political exile from his native land. His errand here was one of mercy—he was pleading the cause of freedom.

Suddenly a New York newspaper with lurid headlines fired a broadside to the effect that the woman traveling with Mr. Gorky was not his wife. And lo! from Maine to Oregon and from the Gulf of Mexico to Lake Superior the newspapers took up the cry. Gorky's work in America was paralyzed; the people he hoped to meet here he could not see; he was driven from his hotel, and this in New York City where the words "hotel" and "assignation house" are synonymous, and private charity only served to protect him from the storm. Later it turned out that the woman traveling with Mr. Gorky was his wife and was so recognized by the State and Society in Russia.—Selected.

HORRIBLE YELLOW JOURNALISM.

The Advance of January 9th, in its account of the criminal assault case in Amherst County, on the previous Monday, printed things that for dirtiness and indecency of detail have seldom been seen in print even in the vilest of yellow journals.

THE IDEA was immediately besieged with the request from the best people of the city to express their utter disapproval of and indignation at the publication of such horrowing crimes in such repulsive details.

The people of the city dislike to think that a paper, which is supposed to be in some respects at least, an index of the moral attitude of the people would circulate such an edition for the mere reason that a few dollars would be made by sales of the dirty sheet to the baser element.

On the day in question, a business man came home from work and called for his paper; his wife told him she had burnt it up to keep the children from reading it.

It is safe to say that the publication by The Advance of those horrible details, tho not prompted by quite as base a motive, was as great a crime as the act depicted.

Lynchburg is a high-class town, and wants high-class journalism.

Since writing the above we learn that both the Canadian and U. S. Government are attempting to bar from the mails accounts of the Thaw trial, which are not near so outlandish as this.

DISTRACTION TALKS, NO. 13.

See all the new houses on White Rock Hill?
We did it.

See the immense addition to the suburbs in Rivermont?

We did it.

See the wonderful extension of the city in West Lynchburg?

We did it.

Why any fool can see that when the Traction Company grows Lynchburg grows too. Fact is we expect we are the cause of all the wonderful material development of Lynchburg, tho other parts of the country have been prosperous as well.)

Read our gas talk tomorrow. It is our aim to give you all the gas you need. THE LYNCHBURG DISTRACTION AND CANDLE LIGHT COMPANY.

R. D. APE-RSON, Prest.

THE MAN WHO DARES.

"Not a day passes but affords a fresh illustration of the truth that the man who "dares," promptly and resolutely, is the man of success. In high station he is "the man of destiny;" when less in public gaze he is "the self-made man." The difference is simply in environment; the truth remains the same.

"Business today demands a greater degree of acumen and decision than ever before—ability to rec-

ognize opportunities as presented and to welcome them with a firm grasp.

"Possibly none of the long list of business necessities requires more real nerve than to undertake a systematic campaign of publicity, yet none of the aids in the extension of business are as potent and positive in results. It is the man who has kept high ideals and standards of success constantly in mind while maintaining his advertising that we find in the "A" class of accomplishment.

"Every legitimate enterprise is the better for being properly advertised. If you have not yet considered the subject from this point of view we should be glad of the privilege to talk the matter over with you, touching upon the needs of your individual business."

Address THE IDEA, City, or call 560.

The Traction Company has been giving Lynchburgers a lot of mush through the columns of The News. They have been ransacking the history of the whole world to find instances where cities have lost money trying to run their own lighting or traction plants. But let no Lynchburger be deceived. It would be just as easy to discover hundreds and thousands of instances of the failure of such enterprises under private ownership.

Because certain cities have failed in municipal ownership is no argument under the sun why Lynchburg should let a greedy corporation fleece us as they have been doing.

Besides Lynchburg is a growing, live, prosperous town and is not going to let anything of the kind

fail. Lynchburg don't do things that way.

Lynchburg is not a town run by grafters and boss ward political methods. The members of our Councils are almost without an exception the best men in the community. There's not a scintilla of possibility of failure if Lynchburg decides to operate its own light plant.

Of course, we won't make as much money on the investment as a private corporation would. The city would not run the plant as close-fistedly, nor be as hard on its employees—this means as experience has demonstrated, that expenses would be more, but the people would get the benefit of it. If the city owned the car lines and lighting facilities the cars would be cleaner and better, tracks would be better, schedules would be better, fenders would be in place for the protection of citizens, more cars would be in service, and gas and electricity would give enough light.

No! No city can run a public utility economically as a private corporation can, and yet there is hardly a city under the sun that could fall so low in graft and boodle as not to have better service at less cost than the Lynchburg Traction and Light Company is giving us.

Let the Council shake off these shackles while it can.

We call your attention to a provision of the franchise granted the Richmond Passenger and Power Company, by the City of Richmond. If Lynchburg had such a provision in its franchise the Lynchburg Traction and Light Company could not have discontinued its service on Floyd Street as it did in utter disregard to the comfort, and even finances, of the residents of

that section; and yet the Traction Company, in its daily "Distraction Talks" tells us that "what is to the interest of the people of Lynchburg is also to our interest." What they might have said, with some degree of truth, is this: "What helps Lynchburg of course helps us. If the city grows, we reap a reward, and have that many more people to fleece." But for goodness sake don't let them try to make you believe that everything they do is with an eye also towards helping the people. "**ACTIONS SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS.**" Their actions in the past have been in utter disregard of the wishes of the people, and everybody knows it, both in the matter of car service, gas, and electricity.

Below we give the paragraph referred to from the City Code of Richmond:

"That the said company will operate **ALL OF ITS VARIOUS LINES** of street railway in said city **DURING THE ENTIRE PERIOD FOR WHICH THIS FRANCHISE IS GRANTED**, in such manner as to render to the public at all times efficient service."

There is a certain street corner in the city on which a boisterous crowd of loafing young men and boys collect almost every night. These young fellows do and say things in the crowd which they would not do or say individually. They make disagreeable remarks to be heard by girls that pass that way, and many girls pass that corner both because its on a much used highway and because there are stores on the corner. Besides this, they crowd the walk and keep up their unholy convocation til after the bed-time of the good people who reside near by and who are kept up at

night by the hilarious gang.

Now residents in the neighborhood have complained in vain to the police, for the disorder still keeps up undiminished.

Our police are too busy looking after the criminals made by the licensed barrooms down on Main Street to look after their uncared for and untrained offspring, who operate as a nuisance out in the residence sections.

The police, too, of course, like to be popular with the young fellows; of course they do, and yet they would gladly do what the law makes it their duty to do if when they attempted to break up such nuisances they were commended by the Mayor and the Chief.

This is the reason that many police have given in the past for not enforcing the law.

They have to be so careful for fear of offending some fellow who has a pull with those in authority. And they have to look after their jobs.

We just started out to make the remark that if the town had a Mayor, some things which now exist would not exist.

Therefore let's elect a Mayor—next time.

FOUR CORNERS OF HELL.

A gentleman who lives out in Campbell County says that the farmers in his neighborhood, all of whom have to contend with the corner of Twelfth and Main Streets, the appropriateness of which as a place for four barrooms. THE IDEA called in question, call this disreputable corner "The Four Corners of Hell."

This is the first sight that greets the eye of the young farmer boy on his trip to Lynchburg, and this is too often the spot where he takes his first drink—**THE FOUR CORNERS OF HELL**. Thus does Lynchburg greet the stranger that comes to her gates.

O God! how long will it last that so many country boys, the flower of Virginia's manhood, will be sent to Hell by way of Lynchburg.

The residents of the eastern end of the city, (that district built up as a result of the kindly and benevolent foresight of the Lynchburg Traction and Light Company?) are having great trouble with the street car service. They get on a car in the morning to go to work; the car takes them perhaps a few blocks further away from their business than they were to start with and then encounters a car off the track. The conductor issues transfers and tells the passengers to walk through the mud (for there are no pavements out in this part of the country, we mean city) around the derailed car, and they will soon find a car to carry them on their journey.

Passengers who have been thus delayed before ask for the return of their fares, for they know they may have to wait twenty or thirty minutes. This request is denied them. One passenger recently, thus treated, walked all the way to Main and Ninth, nearly a mile, without encountering the promised car.

Ride or no ride, the Traction Company keeps the money. That's perhaps because, as they say, our **INTERESTS ARE IDENTICAL**.

Get back numbers of **THE IDEA** at Shepherd's.

MR. GLASS THE TAX DODGER

Since THE IDEA pointed out to the people of Lynchburg that Mr. Glass' papers seemed by their suppression of the news to be in cahoots with the Traction Co., the Lynchburg News has come out and done some valiant fighting against the Traction Co.

Not long since they listed the amounts given by the Traction Co. to the Corporation Commission and showed how the Traction Co. was fleecing the citizens by making large profits on watered stock which did not represent real money investment.

That would have been all right if there were not another side to the question. Below we give the other side which shows how Mr. Glass himself is---well, the figures speak for themselves.

We take these figures from the Commissioner's books for 1906:

NAME	Capital or Joint Stock Companies not otherwise taxed	Aggregate amount of income in excess of \$600, received or due within the year next preceding Feb. 1st.
Carter Glass	\$6,500.00	\$3,500.00

Now everybody knows that Mr. Glass' income from Congress alone is \$5,000 a year, and a newspaper man of vast experience tells us that Mr. Glass must make at least \$5,000 a year out of his little paper with the cinch

on advertisers he has in this town. Then, besides, he owns a large amount of bank stock and other valuable securities, and is considered a wealthy man in other ways, and yet he gives as his income over \$600 the mere sum of \$3,500.

Now about the capital tax which is intended to represent the capital invested in the Lynchburg News and Advance. He puts this at \$6,500.

Now, we have been studying the cost of getting out a daily here, and find it would cost us at least \$30,000 to put up a paper the size of Mr. Glass', and \$50,000 to put up a real, decent, first-class paper.

Mr. Glass himself has three linotype machines and a fourth on the road, and they cost each about \$3,000. Besides this his big press cost him just a little while ago about \$5,000 or \$6,000, so that he has about \$15,000 invested in four pieces of machinery alone.

Then take into consideration the vast amount of office and composing room equipment and you can easily see how Mr. Glass could not run the News without something like \$30,000 capital.

Yet he tells the Commissioner of Revenue only \$6,500.

Yet Mr. Glass will run for Governor.

How has Virginia fallen!

"It is the man who has done nothing, who is sure nothing can be done."—Rams Horn.

ANOTHER VICTIM OF THE TRACTION COMPANY'S CRIMINAL NEGLIGENCE.

The other day The Lynchburg Traction and Light Company ran over and killed Mr. Peters on Fifth Street, adding another death to the long list that must be charged up to their criminal negligence in not putting fenders on the cars. The car was not running fast. The motorman seems not to have been in any way to blame. The Traction Company knew that by providing the cars with fenders just such deaths could be avoided, but because of their inordinate greed, because it would cost them a few dollars, because it would perhaps reduce their dividends a small fraction of a per cent on some of their watered stock,—just for a matter of money,—they kill and maim our citizens. And the "News" **STILL** keeps quiet on the subject.

THE IDEA has twice before called attention to this matter. Now we are in possession of the city laws of Richmond, which bear on the subject of fenders.

We are indebted to the president of the City Council of Richmond for the quotations below.

There is not a city of any importance, that we know of, with the possible exception of the metropolis (?) of Radford, that does not require that cars be provided with the modern fenders.

And yet here in Lynchburg, when the question came up several years ago, Mr. Apperson persuaded the council that on account of a little inconvenience to the company it would not be **EXPEDIENT** to put fenders on the cars.

It costs a little money and the Traction Company

does not care for a few lives sacrificed each year, if they save in a financial way.

The editor of THE IDEA has brought the matter to the attention of the chairman of the Council Committee on Public Safety, who is in favor of the movement, and the Council will shortly have the matter brought to their official attention.

Surely Lynchburg will not be behind the times on such an important life and death question much longer.

We quote from section 23 of the Richmond ordinance.

"Upon complaint made at any time to said company by the Committee on Streets that such fair service is not being rendered, or that its car or cars and tracks are not in proper repair, or its cars in neat condition, the said company shall, within ten days after receipt of such notice, rectify and remove the ground or grounds of said complaint, and fully satisfy the said committee that thereafter fair and satisfactory service will be so rendered, and that its car or cars and tracks will be kept in proper repair, and its cars in neat condition, AND SHALL EQUIP SAID CARS WITH A FENDER OR OTHER LIFE-SAVING APPLIANCE, and shall be approved by the committee on Streets. Should the said company fail, within the said ten days, to rectify and remove said grounds of complaint, to the satisfaction of the said committee, it shall be liable for such failure to a fine of not less than ten nor more than one hundred dollars; each day's failure to be a separate offense."

Also part of the franchise:

"That the said company will operate all of its various lines of street railway in said city, during the entire period for which this franchise is granted, in

such manner as to render to the public at all times efficient service; that its motive power shall at all times be ample; that such cars as, in the opinion of the Committee on Streets, can be used, shall be put in proper condition, and all other care hereafter added to its equipment shall be of the best and most approved pattern, and at all times kept clean, well ventilated, provided with comfortable seats for the passengers, and heated with safe and convenient compliances whenever the weather is such that the comfort of the passengers require the same, and lighted at night with electricity, or, subject to the approval of the Committee on Streets, with other equally efficient light; that all such cars shall be kept in good repair; that each of such cars shall be provided with approved FENDERS AND LIFE-GUARDS.

On the corner of Eleventh and Madison Streets is a lot on which the city has been dumping rubbish, trash and all manner of unsightly refuse for several years until the tin-can spires and mounds have reared themselves about fifteen feet above the established grade of the street and neighboring lots.

Now this lot is not only an eyesore to those who have to pass that way continually, but is such a hideous spectacle for visitors coming to the city, many of whom use this public thoroughfare.

And then, worst of all, it is a menace to the people in the vicinity in a financial way, as bordering property can not command a good price as long as that nuisance exists, nor will people be as ready to rent the house which is now being built on an adjoining lot.

Let the Mayor "abate the nuisance" as the ordinance makes it his duty to do.

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS IN VIRGINIA.

(Adapted from an ode by Thomas Campbell.)

The spirit of Britannia

Invokes, across the main,

Her daughter state Virginia

To burst the Tyrant's chain:

By our kindred blood, she cries,

Rise, Virginia, now arise,

And hallowed thrice the land

Of our kindred hearts shall be,

When your land shall be the land

Of the free—of the free!

The Press's magic letters,

The blessings of the earth,

Behold! it lies in fetters

On the soil of Freedom's birth.

But the trumpet must be heard,

And the charger must be sparred;

For you Father George's spirit

Calls down from Heaven, that ye

Shall gird you for the fight,

And be free,—and be free!

We have been holding the above for use in case the Supreme Court decided against us, but being convinced that such will not be the case we insert it here for want of a more opportune occasion.

Talking about that sentence reminds us of the statement that a councilman made at the last regular meeting, namely: that there are sixty prisoners in the city jail in four small cells, averaging twenty men to a space 9x15 feet, if our memory serves us correctly.

Just think of it! Twenty men huddled together in a vile prison hole, right here under our noses, in the Twentieth Century, too.

If those prisoners knew their rights they need not take that kind of medicine.. But the State Constitution and the National Constitution provide against a prisoner being treated in such a manner. Even if we were guilty of a crime we would not submit to that, but would call on our Uncle Samuel, who speaks in the VIIIth amendment in the following language:

"Excessive bail shall not be required nor excessive fines imposed, nor **CRUEL** and unusual punishment inflicted."

The city ought to send these prisoners elsewhere, if it can not treat them humanely.

It's just a case of greed, it seems to us. As it is they can be worked on the chain gang in the day time; this makes a good financial showing for the police department.

This would make a fine subject for an investigation on the part of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Certain it is we would not treat our dogs or horses this way. Civilization! What does it mean?

I know you well and know you have become the victims of false education and consequently have low ideals. Sometimes I stand in amazement at the stupidity that you constantly exhibit concerning matters of the most vital interest to your welfare individually and collectively. For instance, you have what you call a republican form of government. If I ask what sort of a government a republican form of government

is, ninety per cent of you men could give no answer at all. The others might say: "It means the rule of the majority." I ask what class in society is the majority, the rich class or the poor class? They answer, "the poor class." I ask if the poor class or the rich class manages the political affairs of the country. They answer, "the rich class." I ask them if that is the case why do they call it a republican form of government. They take refuge in silence.—W. Costley, in "The Plan of Laughing Land."

Our friends can not understand why we make this voyage. They shudder and moan and raise their hands. No amount of explanation can make them comprehend that we are moving along the line of least resistance; that it is easier for us to go down to the sea in a small ship than to remain on dry land, just as it is easier for them to remain on dry land than to go down to the sea in a small ship. This state of mind comes of an undue prominence of the ego. They can not get away from themselves. They can not come out of themselves long enough to see that their line of least resistance is not necessarily everybody else's line of least resistance. They make of their own bundle of desires, likes, and dislikes a yardstick wherewith to measure the desires, likes and dislikes of all creatures. This is unfair. I tell them so; but they can not get away from their own miserable egos long enough to hear me. They think I am crazy. In return, I am sympathetic. It is a state of mind familiar to me. We are all prone to think there is something wrong with the mental processes of the man who disagrees with us.—Jack London.

TO LIZETTE!

Fair Lizette! most fair Lizette!
How I love you, love you yet!
Though another you have wed,—
One by kinder fortune led,—
I can ne'er your smiles forget,
O my sweetheart! My Lizette!

Fair Lizette! most fair Lizette!
Well I remember when we met;
How I faltered, so amazed,
As in thine eyes I fondly gazed,
And long I looked and longed to get
Thy more assuring glance, Lizette!

Fair Lizette! most fair Lizette!
Thou with eyes as black as jet,
With eyes so sparkling and so glad,
Though, when troubled, mellow sad,
Sympathetic, diamond set;
I must love you, my Lizette!

Fair Lizette! most fair Lizette!
Oft for thee mine eyes are wet
Thy black hair, dark as thine eyes,
Thy lovely face like morning skies,
They have bound me in love's net,
O my sweetheart! my Lizette!

Fair Lizette! most fair Lizette!
Yes, I love you, love you yet.
Thy clear strong voice, so tender clear,
In mem'ry sweet my soul shall cheer,
Till life shall all its grief forget,
And death shall claim me, fair Lizette!

ALYN O'DARE.

A FABLE ABOUT MULES.

A certain captain of industry, who had been busted by the trusts, thought he would try his hand at farming. Unlike most farmers, he found at the end of the first season that he had five hundred dollars in money and a barn full of hay and grain. After discharging his men he called his mules together and informed them that the rush season was over and their services would no longer be required. Said he: "My barn is full of feed, which at the present market prices ought to net me another five hundred dollars. I fed you well while you worked, and next summer, if you are around this way about harvest time, I shall be glad to give you another job." He accordingly dismissed the mules and lived on the fat of the land until the next summer. But the mules did not make application for another job. They had all starved to death.

The "captain" forgot he was not dealing with men.

Moral: This fable does need one. Clipped.

The outcome of the battle is of no importance—but how did you fight?—Hubbard.

A strong man represents the triumph of mind over matter. A politician represents the triumph of mind over morals—Fra Elbertus.

Let not the night on thy resentment fall;
Strike when the wrong is fresh or not at all.
The lion ceases if his fierce leap fails;
'Tis only dogs that nose a cooling trail.

—Ambrose Bierce.

Jus let this thought sorter sink into your soul: the mummy aint had no fun for more'n five thousand years.—Bill Barlow.

BAIT AND REBATE.

A Worm in search of modern culture
Removed his hat and asked a Vulture,
“Excuse me, sir, I’m rather green—
But what’s the difference between
The process called financial dealing
And plain, old-fashioned, honest stealing?”

The Vulture merely shook his head,
“Please crawl away, I’m tired,” he said.

“But, sir,” the little pest persisted,
“I know my views are rather twisted;
But why, when you’re considered great,
Should I be merely used for bait?
Why should I be the butt of nature
When you control a legislature?”

The Vulture ruffled up a wing,
“Squirm on,” he said, “you tender thing!”
“Oblige me, please,” the poor Worm guggled,
“With rebate cases oft I’ve struggled—
O pray elucidate to me
The way the rebate case be”—
Here came a pause—and very neatly
The Vulture ate the Worm completely,
Remarking, “Whence this useless debate?
I am a Trust, and you’ a Re-bate.”

—Success Magazine.

Our forefathers fought against the enemies without to give us this nation. We must contend against the enemies within to keep it. They fought as soldiers of war to bring the nation into being; we must fight as soldiers of peace to preserve it.

It is one thing to be against wrong; it is quite another thing to fight wrong. A non-combatant—a soldier in the fight.

Plenty of men can be honest passively, but what we need is men who can be honest in action.

The people of any locality can overthrow civic evils whenever they wish and can secure a government just as good as they want to make it or as bad as they permit it to become.—Folk, of Missouri, in the Youth's Companion.

Theology and Ethics have no more to do with each other than have Law and Justice.—Hubbard.

MR. GLASS'S RECORD IN CONGRESS.

We notice Mr. Glass has nominated himself for Governor of Virginia. Do we hear a second to the nomination?

But seriously, tho, the second will come after a while. Wait till the ring gets ready.

The ring is under slight obligations to Mr. Glass for "services rendered" in the last election when Mr. Glass, who had been an ardent supporter of Mr. Montague, "flopped over" and supported the cause of Senator Martin, the recognized tool of the "trusts" and "interests," the friend of Mr. Ryan, whose money has had such a corrupting influence in Virginia politics. (You notice how Mr. Glass's papers are filled with the

good deeds of Mr. Ryan and extoll his virtues.)

Then our little 1x2 governor will doubtless come to Mr. Glass's help, for the ring put him in office.

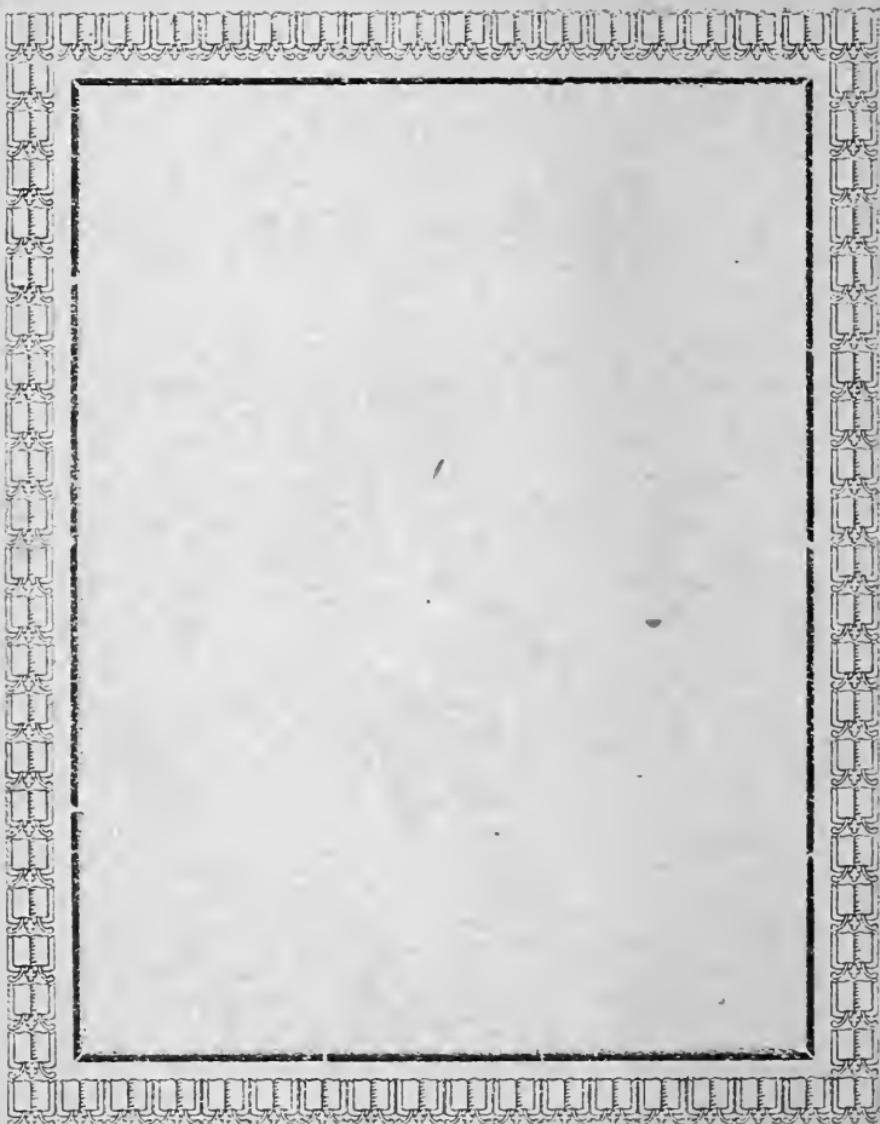
Yes, Old Virginia has fallen. A prominent Lynchburger recently said that he had no doubt that politics in Virginia were as crooked as they were found in Missouri, when Folk shocked the country with the boodle and bribery he unearthed. But Virginia has no Folk to take off the lid. The same old crooked party machinery has managed things here so long that no decent man like Joe Folk can now get in the Governor's chair in Virginia.

When a clean man runs for Governor the machine sees to it that a machine man, who will do the bidding of those who put up the money, gets the election. And so we wait for a Folk to slip in accidentally.

In Virginia Senators are supposed to be nominated by the people. In fact, they are chosen by Wall Street, just because it pays Wall Street so well to do that kind of a thing. Now here are some of those who compose the ring or are in the ring, or are run by the ring: Martin, Daniel, Swanson, Ellyson, Ryan, and other small fry, including Mr. Glass.

We are informed that Mr. Glass voted for the bill to increase his salary and then voted against a call for the ayes and nays, did not want it to go on record, ashamed to let the people know how he voted. If we are misinformed Mr. Glass will set us right.

In our last number we said we would devote "considerable space" in this issue to the record of Mr. Glass in Congress. On the next page you will find the result of our search.



THE JUDGEMENT
OF THE PEOPLE OF LYNCHBURG IS THIS:

THAT anyone who is careful in spending his money will not have occasion to be dissatisfied with his actions if he looks first at the **FURNITURE** and prices at

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The Muck Rake

Is about the most widely abused publication in the South. Some folks say it is positively the worst thing that ever happened, others say it is the best. Such contrasts of opinion only denote that there is something in it.

Young Women Read The Muck Rake

Because it treats of their sex in an honest, outspoken, fearless way that demands attention. Some of the features to run shortly in The Muck Rake are "The Crime of the Clairvoyant" and "Why Girls Go Wrong."

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W. O. SAUNDERS, Editor

THE MUCK RAKE, Norfolk, Va.

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"If the hollow of your foot make a hole in de groun'
De aint no Virginny blood in you;
My folks' instep rise up lak a moun',
And de QUALITY am shown in de shoe."

The Barry Shoe for Quality Dry Goods and Notions Cor. 11th & Main

First Porter: Say, Bill. Has you heard dat new name for de Traction and Light Company?

Second Porter—No, what is it?

First Porter—Hit's De Lynchburg Distraction and Perlite Company.

Second Porter—He-yah—yah-yah, but say nigger, I doan zactly understand what you signifies by dat "Perlite." You sho doan mean dat dem folks is perlite.

First Porter—Law Chile, no! Dat's a new kind o' perlite. Dat "Perlite" means "PER-haps day gwine ter light, and PER-haps dey aint."

Get back numbers of THE IDEA at Shepherd's.

THIS is the eighth number of "THE IDEA." :: Your subscription will be appreciated, and it will help us much in our fight against existing evils. :: Fifty cents a year, five cents a copy, till the price goes up.

The Idea

Vol. 1

MARCH, 1907

No. 9

Gotten up by the Minority in the
Interests of the Majority, and Edited
and Published by Adon A. Yoder
at Lynchburg, Virginia

THE CITY ENGINEER

Our space is so limited, and we have so many things that demand exposing, that we hardly mention one thing before having to pass to another and then another subject, and are thus kept from following up any particular idea.

In an early issue of THE IDEA we referred to the need of a change in form of city governments in America.

As an example of the bad effects of the present order of things (namely: the *ward and council system* of government by a large and unwieldy and largely irresponsible body) we

would call attention to the office of city engineer.

Harry Shaner has for many reasons long been held in highest personal esteem by the editor, both because of intimate school acquaintance and admiration for his many worthy characteristics, and so what we shall have to say is in no way directed towards his disparagement.

Mr. Shaner, a mere boy, fresh from college, was suddenly given perhaps the most important position in the gift of the Council. Such a position should be filled by an engineer of vast and successful experience, for to his judgment largely is left the expenditure of many thousands of dollars.

Mr. Shaner, tho theoretically well-fitted for the work by his college course, had practically not only no experience in engineering, but none in any line calling for such ability as such a work demands. He was green and untried, and yet the City Council (of whom his father was one) elected such a one to do the engineering of enormous works for one of the most

difficultly-engineered cities in the United States.

We fear no contradiction when we say that there is not a private corporation in christendom which would have entrusted such important work to so inexperienced a man, especially when it is not a hard thing to find men admirably fitted for it. When a private concern has a house to build it does not give the contract to a man who has never built a house. An experienced contractor is obtained, and this principle applies in all the acts of successful business enterprises.

Not so with city governments.

Now we are not blaming Mr. Shaner, nor are we blaming the Council over-much, for had we been Mr. Shaner we would have been glad to get the position, and had we been in the Council, our time occupied with our own business, we would perhaps have done as was done then. But we write this to call attention to the fact that our present form of city government is a failure.

Go out on Rivermont Avenue. See what a state the street is in, and you will agree that Mr. Shaner is simply unequal to the task.

A vast amount of money has been spent in establishing a grade and improving (?) the avenue. That the established grade is a wise one hardly any one would admit.

As here so in many other places Mr. Shaner did his best, but he had never done such things before, and the people of that section say he has made a botch.

Why don't our City Council, now when they can, turn the management over to three or four salaried officers, to be elected by and responsible to the people.

Other cities are doing this with marked success. Why should Lynchburg, otherwise so progressive, be so far behind in this matter

Some of you missed the best thing in the last IDEA by not looking on the last page of reading matter.

OUR TEXT: ONE DEPOT FOR LYNCHBURG

Below we print an article handed us by a prominent citizen who happened to read a little editorial in The News of last Sunday opposing the plan of the Southern Railway to build a depot on College Hill:

"Did it ever occur to any one else how much of the *oneness* existed in the city of Lynchburg among a special few? One depot, one hotel, one paper and one self—*selfishness*.

What does it say? 'Don't do it. You will disturb my dollar invested near the old depot.' 'Don't do it; you will break up my monopoly in the hotel business, for if the passenger depot is built out on College Hill, why, there is bound to be a large hotel located there also. Don't do it, that will disturb my dollar invested in the hotel business.' 'Don't do it; it will expand the city to far beyond the present limits, and we will have to take in Campbell County for building purposes.' 'Don't do it: it will be a death knell to Rivermont, where we have in-

vested largely. To grow up the West End means the loss of our dollar invested in Rivermont.' 'Don't do it; it is wrong to expand the city systematically. We want a part of Campbell annexed to Lynchburg for what is in it, but no formidable expansion. No, no! that will not do! Don't do it! is my last dying words. It will be the ruination of the city.'

"Ah, hah! we the people of Lynchburg turn deaf ears to a three million dollar investment. Shall we say to the Southern Railway, 'No, sir, you can't expend five hundred thousand dollars here in our city for a passenger station; it will ruin us. You can't move the yards from down on the river when the talk has been for ten years congestion, congestion, congestion. No, sir, you can't move your shops here; it won't do. It disturbs my dollar invested down town. You must spend a million or more to build this line around the city, but you must switch back all around town to deliver one passenger back at the old stand to walk up through Buzzard's Roost and Bridge street that has been heralded abroad through your paper as being the most unsightly and dangerous streets in our city to pass over at night.' "

It does look picayune-ish for The News to take such a stand against progress.

If the City Council refuses to grant the Southern Railway the right to build a depot on Pierce street it would be nothing but fair for them to build a depot at Durmid and make Lynchburgers come out there to take a train. Then, too, why should we demand that all the railroads rent from the N. & W. and meet at one point? Richmond has four separate depots, and so have all large cities. A few pet interests should not be allowed to prevent the vast improvements that a great corporation would make in our city, and that, too, when the city will be inestimably benefitted thereby.

Will the Council be short-sighted and narrow-minded? We hope not.

Our little mayor has held office some twelve years or more, and yet a lawyer had to threaten him with a mandamus last Saturday to compel

him to grant an appeal, the mayor maintaining, contrary to law, that he could refuse an appeal in a criminal case where the fine was only five dollars. Another lawyer in the court-room came to the assistance of the mayor and showed him how ludicrous he was making himself, and the mayor finally yielded, after putting himself on record as saying that he would grant it *because the offense was committed in the county, tho he would not do it if the offense had been in the city limits.*

To an outsider the whole affair looks like a piece of partiality, on the part of the mayor, to the Lynchburg Traction and Light Co.

SMALLPOX

The following clippings are from a medical journal:

“Vaccination caused tuberculosis, erysipelas, cancer, syphilis and other diseases in England to such an appalling extent that it was abol-

ished, except as people are foolish enough to choose it,"

"People who have smallpox and take reasonable care of themselves are rarely pitted, and are always healthy thereafter unless they abuse themselves. Vaccinated people are rarely healthy afterwards and those who are become victims of second doses."

"Dr. Wm. E. Quine of Chicago says he has been vaccinated sixteen times, and has had smallpox twice."

FIRE ON COLLEGE HILL

Now that the city limits have been extended so far in the west end it is time to protect from fires the residences, the number of which is daily increasing in this prosperous section. As it now is there is no section of the city so overlooked in this respect. When a fire breaks out on College Hill or farther out the Fifth street department, which is the nearest, has to climb a half mile of steep grade, whereas if the station

was moved to the neighborhood of the Reservoir the trip to any fire would be down hill, and while College Hill and the west end would be benefitted, points further down town (which are now in reach of other stations) would not be removed more than sixty seconds or so further from the station.

• Is not this suggestion worthy of serious consideration now by the Public Safety Committee?

And we have not said anything about the cruelty to the horses of that fierce up-grade run. Attention, S. P. C. A.

“That blank page in the February number was the best thing you ever wrote.”—*An Irish Friend.*

On account of lack of time no one has been approached in reference to advertising in this number of THE IDEA. No soliciting will be done in the future. If you want a page at \$10.00, address THE IDEA, Lynchburg, Va.

Well, if we find we have no rights under the written law we will rest our case on the unwritten law.

The case is simply this: Which is the bigger, the Constitution of Virginia or Judge Christian?

As our manuscript goes to the printer (Mar. 2) we, of course, do not know what the decision in the contempt case will be. Before this edition of THE IDEA appears the Supreme Court will perhaps have rendered its decision.

In our next (April) number we will have something to say about that decision.

We notice from The News today that Mr. Coleman goes to Richmond to help the Commonwealth in the appeal case "at the instance of members of the Lynchburg Bar." Lynchburgers have too much respect for members of the Lynchburg bar to think that *any* of them are so very anxious to see the triumph of anarchy.

We happen to know that many of the best

lawyers in Lynchburg, while perhaps *feeling sorry* for the judge, are not so worked up as to fear that he won't be justly treated at Richmond.

And we'll venture this assertion: that those lawyers who are sending Mr. Coleman to Richmond would certainly hate for anybody to get right up *in the meetin'* and tell on 'em.

And now comes before the Council a committee of business men begging that august body of business men to please let them off from paying their taxes, such poor *infant industries*.

If we let the manufacturers off who will have to bear that part of the tax burden? The poor man, of course.

The wealthy, not satisfied with what they have, are going around *begging* the city fathers to make the poor devil pay their taxes for them.

Even posing as public benefactors, as one of them put it, "making a market for the labor of men and women."

Making a slave market!

No *community* ever was benefitted by bringing into it factories to employ women and children. A few wealthy men and merchants in the community alone are benefitted by it.

When such a factory comes the standards of health, wealth and morals of a community are lowered.

That old argument is used only where the speaker is ignorant or where he thinks his hearers are.

WHISKEY

A friend—and we love our friends—met us on the street the other day and said: "THE IDEA certainly has been waking 'em up, and has done a lot of good, but you had better let the whiskey question alone, you'll lose friends by it."

Now THE IDEA aint a hankering after friends who desert us because we say what we think. THE IDEA don't give a continental cuss for what the whole world thinks, provided we have the sweet satisfaction that we are doing what we think is right.

We don't like to say it but believe it is true that that is the greatest trouble with the citizens of Lynchburg. Nearly every man in the town, church members included, has so many "friends" in the whiskey business and even *takes a little now and then*, and thus looks on the whiskey question so lightly that he is afraid to say publicly what he knows is true, that whiskey causes more crime, sorrow and criminal expenses than all other agencies of hell combined.

Now we have no hatred for any man who disagrees with us even if he engage in the nefarious business itself; we are even personally agreeably acquainted with several men who own or operate barrooms.

We would befriend rather than hurt them, and yet—we say it with sincerest love to them—that we would see them in hell rather than see their destructive business continue

which puts in hell untold multitudes more every year.

If the Editor of THE IDEA cared what such "friends" thought he never would have been the Editor of THE IDEA.

Now read that two times before you cuss. If you don't like the language above, don't read it. It was written for those that need it.

Our attention has been repeatedly called to the fact that we employ as chief of the Fire Department a man who to say the least is not suited for the position.

Any man who will let personal feelings influence his public acts is unworthy of a public trust, however efficient he may be in the mechanical execution of his ordinary duty.

Abraham Lincoln on Labor and Capital.

"It is not needed or fitted here that a general argument should be made in favor of popular institutions; but there is one point, with its connections, not so hackneyed as most others, to which I ask a brief attention. It is the effort to place capital on an equal footing with, if not

above, labor in the structure of the government. It is assumed that labor is available only in connection with capital; that nobody labors unless somebody else owning capital somehow, by use of it, induces him to labor.

“Labor is prior to and independent of capital. Capital is only the fruit of labor, and never could have existed if labor had not first existed. Labor is support of capital, and deserves much the higher consideration.

The Record-Herald, Nov. 4, first column, first page, declares, by William E. Curtis, that *city ownership of street car lines covers three-fifths of the service in England*, that *wages are higher*, yet they still *pay* a profit. In the political dispatches (*doctored*) the same paper asserts the London elections show sweeping defeats for municipal ownership. Why is this thus? Is the Herald a liar?

FOR RENT.—New 6-room house on College Hill; porcelain bath and well appointed. Furnished or unfurnished. Very reasonable rates to desirable party. Address B3, care THE IDEA, Lynchburg, Va.

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CALL — 2-4-8 — FOR

**Sanitary Plumbing and
High Grade Enamel Ware**

T. C. Moseley

1105 Church Street

Agent for Roberts' Germ Proof Filter

Don't It is not an advertisement.
Read Our work is our best ad-
This vertisement. This is just to
Papering remind those who don't have
our number is **727 Main, cor. 7th.**

S. A. SMITH = Paper Hanger

'PHONE 165



MARRIED?
ANY BABIES?

REAMS & CO.



Ought to be Hung

Some new and handsome designs
of WALL PAPER on that faded wall
of yours. It would please your eye
to look over some of our recent patterns

SHOLES BROS. Paper Hangers
EIGHTH STREET

Do You Ever Think

that it would pay you in selecting
Sash, Doors, Blinds and Building Material
to consider Quality in connection with Price?

If you do this ad's for U
GET THE IDEA?

Wm. O. Taylor, 916-920 Church Street

SHOWERS OF BLESSING

Will multiply upon the heads of little people who know the value of clean teeth. And wise is the mother who looking far into the future to the health of her children, demands that that most important part of the human machinery, the teeth, be kept in most perfect condition.

SOZODONT

The old family dentifrice of sixty years ago, is her stand-by to-day. It's the proper dentifrice because it's the purest, the safest, always most modern, the best. Every ingredient in Sozodont is most carefully selected and has a mission of good to perform. Sozodont is not acid; on the contrary it is slightly alkaline. Sozodont is an antiseptic, purifying cleanser of the teeth, and a tonic for the gums. Sozodont TOOTH POWDER and Sozodont Tooth Paste being absolutely free from acid and grit may be used with perfect safety upon the delicate enamel of the baby's teeth.

For sale everywhere or by mail, including postage, 25c.

Hall & Ruckel, New York City

The Idea

Vol. 1

APRIL, 1907

No. 10

Gotten up by the Minority in the
Interests of the Majority, and Edited
and Published by Adon A. Yoder
at Lynchburg, Virginia

And thus beginneth the tenth number of THE IDEA, wherein are set forth certain notions and preachments concerning governments and those in authority.

Since the birth of this little publication on the Fourth of July, nineteen hundred and six, these pages have advocated many things which had not seen the light of day in Lynchburg since first the flight of time began,—in fact 'twa heresy to mention them,—while now they have been adopted.

We would briefly mention some of them:

It is a matter of daily comment that during these few months the daily newspapers, which were the subject of our first lesson, have made wonderful improvements.

Our street lights, which we were told were so out

of date and old that they could not be made to give god service are doing extremely well.

Our City Councils are now determined to compel the Traction Company to put fenders on the cars.

Our Mayor has put out of commission some houses of ill-fame and fined and locked up the proprietors.

Some of the most crying nuisances have been abated.

The city has found that it had no right to let Mr. Krise fail to put fire escapes on his building (Tho Mr. Krise has not yet obeyed the law).

Dangerous skids maintained by Main Street merchants across the sidewalks were removed by the Mayor in twenty-four hours after THE IDEA appeared.

The quality of gas and electric lights have improved.

The preachers have started to preach more boldly against existing public evils.

No longer do we see patent medicine ads appearing as telegraphic news in the News and Advance.

Certain nuisances in the way of delayed street improvements were abated as soon as THE IDEA called attention to them.

The Traction Co. has removed its rails from the roadway on White Rock Hill.

And—well, you know of a whole lot of other things that have happened which never did happen—strange to say—before.

THE CONSTITUTION.

“The Legislature shall have power to regulate the right of the courts to punish for contempt.”—Virginia Constitution of 1902.

THE ACT OF THE LEGISLATURE.

(Passed in 1904, under the above Constitution.)

Courts may punish summarily for contempt **ONLY** in the following cases:

“Misbehavior in the presence of the court, or so near thereto as to obstruct or interrupt the administration of justice.

“Violence, or threats of violence, to a judge or officer of the court, or to a juror, witness, or party going to, attending, or returning from the court, for or in respect of any act or proceeding had or to be had in such court.

“Obscene, contemptuous, or insulting language addressed to a judge for or in respect of any act, or proceeding, had, or to be had, in such court, or like language used in his presence and intended for his hearing, for or in respect of such act or proceeding.

Misbehavior of an officer of the court in his official character.

“Disobedience or resistance of an officer of the court, juror, witness, or other person to any lawful process, judgment or decree, or order of said court.”

"We have not seen the magazine article of which Judge Christian complains, but our understanding is that a judge can not in law summarily punish an editor or any person for criticizing him or his acts outside of court, unless such criticism should tend to obstruct, interrupt or otherwise prevent the orderly administration of justice.

Judge Christian fined and sentenced to jail for 15 days the editor of The Idea for criticizing his official acts, though they were not addressed TO THE COURT, and, were, thus, according to the statute, not ground for punishment for contempt.

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THE CHIEF OF POLICE.

Section No. 240 of the City Code says: "The Chief of Police shall see that all of the ordinances of the city are duly obeyed and enforced, and to that end it shall be HIS DUTY TO CONSTANTLY INSPECT THE STREETS and other localities of the city."

We just want to ask the citizens: "Did you ever see Chief Pendleton inspecting out in your locality?"

"There are some things which should never be mentioned in Polite Society: For instance, the doings of Polite Society."—Hubbard.

A FAMILY AFAIR—THE SENATORSHIP.

And now behold the ring trying to oust the best Senator Lynchburg ever had at Richmond, simply because he does not think John Daniel big enough to represent the State of Virginia at Washington.

Mr. Harper, John Daniels's son-in-law, (who is himself authority for the statement that the old agreement between the city and county to alternate for the honor of senator for this section is now null and void) has, as chairman of the city democratic committee, gone over to Rustburg in the interest of Mr. Don. P. Halsey, nephew to the above John Daniel, and persuaded the county committee to endorse Mr. Halsey.

Of course everybody knows that all this is a bit of family wire pulling, and can have but little effect on the chances of Senator Thomas.

The city of Lynchburg is not all jealous of her right in this matter for the citizens know that with a man like A. F. Thomas to represent them their interest will be well guarded even if he lived in Ballyhack.

It is a forgone conclusion that Lynchburg will give her vote to Senator Thomas in the coming primary, altho Lynchburgers still love Senator Daniel.

Mr. Thomas don't love Daniel LESS, he simply loves good government and you and me MORE.

Now we have nothing against Don. Halsey, and

moreover if we thought for a moment that he would make one half as good a state senator as Thomas, we'd like to vote for him, for then we might find a place big enough for Senator Thomas elsewhere, and one where he will do more good, but you know as well as we that when Halsey went to Richmond to represent us his record as a constructive statesman was zero as compared with that of Thomas.

Thomas does things, things for the people. He don't care a continental for self so long as he can hit a political rascal over the head and it now appears to us that this is the reason that the ring is so anxious to oust him.

If you want to get a good idea of the kind of a head Senator Thomas has on him read elsewhere in this number his article on "contempt." That article was written in the interest of the liberty of Virginians and not because Thomas cared anything for THE IDEA. In fact we have heard that he does not sanction our method of attack. He is an older and bigger man and hits sledge hammer blows without making the rascals sue and issue rules and want to fight.

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BILL OF RIGHTS.

Section 8. That in all criminal prosecutions a man hath a right to a speedy trial by an impartial jury

of his vicinage, without whose unanimous consent he can not be found guilty. And that the General Assembly may provide for the trial of offenses not punishable by death, or confinement in the penitentiary, by a justice of the peace, without a jury, preserving in all such case the right of the accused to an appeal to and trial by jury in the circuit or Corporation Court.

CONTEMPT OF COURT.

By Hon. A. F. Thomas, State Senator From Lynchburg—
The following is clipped from the Times-Dispatch.
—Editor.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir: Judge Christian's decision in Yoder's case will likely raise some very interesting fundamental questions that have not yet been passed upon by the Court of Appeals. The State government is the creature of the Constitutional Convention. It created three co-ordinate branches—legislative, the judicial and the executive. Each has its own sphere. Neither has any "inherent" right to do anything, and can only exercise such powers within its sphere as the Constitution permits by special grant, or fails to prohibit. The judiciary is in no sense superior to the others, as its powers are derived from the same source and its limitations are defined by the same rules of construc-

tion as obtain in the other cases. In the absence of constitutional restrictions,, it may exercise, under the common law, such powers carry out the necessary to effectively out the purpose of its creation; but when the Constitution speaks the common law must remain silent, and the judiciary must confine its acts to those things within the constitutional limitations, or become itself a violator of the law.

The Virginia Constitution, section 63, says: "The General Assembly may regulate the exercise by courts of the right to punish for contempt."

It goes further in the schedule, and provides in section 1: The common law and the statute laws in force at the time this Constitution goes into effect, so far as not repugnant thereto or repealed thereby, shall remain in force until they expire by their own limitation, or are altered or repealed by the General Assembly."

The General Assembly, acting under the specific and general authority of the Constitution, cited above, during the session of 1904, passed the present statute regulating the exercise of the court's right to punish for contempt. No case involving the present constitutional, provisions and the statute passed under their authority has been brought before the Court of Appeals for adjudication.

Admitting, as was held in Carter's case, that the General Assembly, of itself had no power to limit the common law right of the judiciary to punish for contempt, Yoder's case comes under a different section of the Constitution, which expressly empowers the General Assembly to place such limitations upon the court's right to exercise this power. The Constitution having empowered the General Assembly to regulate the matter, the scope of the court's authority must be found in the statute.

The common law obtains only to the extent that the General Assembly does not substitute statute law therefor. To deny the power of the Constitutional Convention to provide a method for changing or abolishing the common law would be equivalent to saying that there was no way by which a free people might frame a government to suit themselves. I doubt if any well informed lawyer would undertake to sustain such a proposition.

In Carter's case, the opinion hung entirely upon the court's right to punish contempt under the common law, but the court, in a remarkably clear and pointed way, pointed out the true relation of the judiciary to the other branches of government, and sustained fully the power of the people through the Constitution to limit and define the spheres of each.

Carter's case, 96 Va., 800, the court says: "The

power to punish for contempts is inherent in the courts, and is conferred upon them by the Constitution by the very act of their creation. It is a trust confided and a duty imposed upon by the sovereign people, which we cannot surrender or suffer to be impaired without being recreant to our duty.”

In the same opinion, page 812, the court says: “In our system of government all power and authority are derived from the people. They have seen fit by organic law to distribute the power of government among three great co-ordinate departments—the executive, legislative and the judicial. The Constitution of the State, which is the law to all, declares in the seventh section of the first article that ‘the legislative, executive and judicial powers should be separate and distinct.’”

This is a quotation from the Bill of Rights, an instrument which should never be mentioned save with the reverence due to the great character of our liberties. Of such importance is this principle deemed that it is repeated, and constitutes a distinct article, which declares that “the legislative, executive and judiciary departments shall be separate and distinct, so that neither exercise the powers properly belonging to either of the others; nor shall any person exercise the power of more than one of them at the same time, except as hereinafter provided.”—Constitution of Vir-

ginia, Article II.

"Whoever, therefore, belongs to either one of these great departments is an agent and servant of a common master; and each and all represent a part of the sovereignty of the State, so long as they move within the appropriate sphere prescribed to them by the organic law."

Bardett's case, 103 Va., is simply a reaffirmation of Carter's case, and the court, page 848 says: "Such being the common law applicable to the case, the courts of Virginia are bound to administer it until it has been changed by competent authority."

This competent authority having changed it, there is no longer in the Virginia courts the power under the common law to punish for contempt. They must now rely upon and be limited by the provisions of the statute. In Joseph Jutton vs. the State Corporation Commission of Virginia, rendered Aug. 17, 1906, the court held: "The legislative department acknowledged no superior except the Federal and State Constitutions, and its authority to enact laws, unless forbidden by one or the other of these instruments.

In the same opinion it says further: "Moreover, there is an obvious distinction between the construction of grants of power by the Federal Constitution to Congress and grants of power by the State Constitution to the General Assembly. In the first case, the

grant is the sole source of congressional power, and is, therefore, to be construed strictly; while in the latter the grant being merely declaratory of pre-existent power, is to be construed liberally. In the one instance the expositor must search for constitutional sanction authorizing the enactment; in the other the question must be for constitutional limitation forbidding it."

It is a well settled doctrine that the courts cannot deal with the policy of the law. With the wisdom or unwisdom of it they have nothing to do. The Constitution gave the power and the Legislature exercised it, and the courts will no doubt observe it.

Under the statute, no publication in reference to the court or judge, can be made contempt.

A. F. THOMAS.

Lynchburg, Va.

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LONGFELLOW.

Whose these poems and this music?
Whose these glad and joyous verses?
Who the author of these love songs?
And these sweet and happy wooings?
Who inspired by God of heaven
So to write and cheer and help us
On to nobler acts and doings?

And the answer, glad and quickly,
Wafted to me on the breezes,
From the birds of God's wide forest,
Whom he sang to and delighted
From the beast and brook and forest,
From the flowers and hills and valleys,
Still echoing with his music,
Comes upon the evening zephyrs,
As in silence I await it.
And I listen to their whispering,
To the whispering of the breezes,
To the low voice of the zephyrs,
And the answer that they bring me
Fills my soul with sweet remembrance,
Fills my soul with recollections
Of the days long since departed,
When, sweet name! learned to lisp it
At the knee of loving mother
And the answer wafted to me
By the breezes and the zephyrs.
Was "The author of this music,
These glad songs and happy verses,
Was Longfellow the sweet singer:
He the sweetest of all singers;
Sweeter than good Chibiabos,
Whom he wrote of in the wooings
Of the mighty Hiawatha,

He the grandest of the poets,
Grandest of all bards and singers
Of the wide and new born West-world.''
And the zephyrs, gentle zephyrs,
Told me how he taught all nature
Its sweet tones and voices joyful,
When they begged him as the brook did
In the woodland, "O Longfellow,
'Teach my waves to flow in music,
Softly as your words in singing'!"
And the blue bird, gay in plumage,
Envious, begged him, "O Longfellow,
'Teach me tones as wild and wayward,
Teach me songs as full of frenzy'!"
And the whippoorwill, the night hawk,
Sobbing, begged him, "O Longfellow,
'Teach me tones as melancholy,
Teach me songs as full of sadness'!"
E'en the glad and cheerful robin,
Joyous, begged him, "O Longfellow,
'Teach me tones as sweet and tender
Teach me songs as full of gladness'!"
"All the many sounds of nature
Borrowed sweetness from his singing,
All the hearts of men were softened
By the pathos of his music."
When the whisperings of the breezes

Ceased and lulled themselves to silence,
Then I turned me to my duty,
Filled with joy and glad thanksgiving
That this poet and sweet singer
Once had lived among the mortals."

ALYN O'DARE.

Jan. 9, '99.

We have repeatedly urged in these columns the absolute need of a better form of city government for Lynchburg.

Why not do what Richmond is doing as shown by the following clipping from the Times-Dispatch.

MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT.

The resolution of Alderman Dabney that a committee from the Council and Board, including the Mayor, be appointed to investigate ways and means of municipal government elsewhere meets with the hearty approval of The Times-Dispatch. Mr. Dabney, we understand, is favorable to a general board of control, which shall have full charge of all the purely business affairs of the municipality. Galveston and other cities have tried this plan with great satisfaction and success, and if it operates well elsewhere, it should operate well in Richmond.

Richmond has managed, but she should be satis-

fied with nothing short of the best. The brightest men of the age have given the subject of municipal government profound study, and great improvements have been made in consequence. Richmond should at least be at pains to make diligent inquiry and ascertain if there be better systems than hers; and if she finds a better, she should adopt it. We hope the Dabney resolution will be adopted.

Talking about drifting with the crowd and being careful "what others THINK" read below what Benjamin DeCassares says in the February Cosmopolitan:

"What will other people think?" is the most cowardly phase in use in society.

Only weak men stand in fear of the censure of the WHATEVER IS GREAT in LIFE BRINGS DOWN CENSURE UPON THE HEAD OF THE DOER.

A man who lives, moves, and has his being in other people's opinions has not risen to the level of animal intelligence. The dog and horse are at least sincere and natural in all their acts.

Why not dress your life before your own mirror?

Look for your reflection in your own mind. There is a secret judge of all your acts within you. Conscience is your private opinion of yourself.

Why borrow a thing when you possess it yourself?
What does it matter what others think of your actions?
What do you think of them?

Some men crouch, crawl, and skulk all their lives.
They run like sheep before somebody's opinion, though
they would return blow for blow if they were attacked
on the highway.

They are larded, greased, and curled wax figures.
Whenever they move you know that Public Opinion
has pulled a wire somewhere. When they speak you
know what they will say.—They are not men enough
to offend.

The ogre, Public Opinion, slays more originality
and individuality than all the barbarous superstitious
codes put together. It is the modern Moloch before
which we all meekly bend.

That shameful hypocrisy which permeates society
everywhere. We lie from morning until night, and
pretend to things we abhor.

Turn once upon that lazy braggart, Public Opinion,
and see it scamper away.

It is our latest idol, the modern social Jugernaut.

There are a lot of folks that turn up their noses when
the word "Socialism" is mentioned just as there were

a lot of folks that turned up their noses at Thomas Jefferson's ideas of "Democracy" and yet it was the reading of Socialist Literature that led Tom Johnson, the capitalist, to give Cleveland, Ohio, the best city government in America. The people of Cleveland pay only 3 cents car-fare, because the city owns the car lines.

OUR MEMBER OF CONGRESS.

I don't see why they make him go
Up there to Washington;
It isn't there, as they should know,
His greatest work is done.
Of course these duties are a test
And keep him on the jump,
But you should see him at his best,
A hurlin' on the stump!

We need him here to tell us how
To run things as we should.
To smooth the sorrow from each brow
With making wise an' good;
I wish he'd linger round an' cheer
Our spirits as they fail.
His speeches? He could make 'em here
And send 'em on by mail!

Washington Star.

“Have patience, ourselves are full
Of social wrong; and may be wildest dreams
Are but the needful preludes of the truth:
For me the genial day, the happy crowd,
The sport half conscious, fill me with a faith.
This fine old world of ours is but a child
Yet in its go-cart. Patience! Give it time
To learn its limbs: there is a hand that guides.”

ALFRED TENNYSON.

WANTED.

100 boys for new customers.

Most of our old customers are rapidly dropping out.

10 committed suicide last week.

20 are in jail—8 are in the chaingang.

15 were sent to the poor-house—and one was hanged.

3 were sent to the insane asylum.

Most of the balance ain't worth fooling with—they've got no money.

We are just obliged to have new customers—fresh young blood, or we will have to shut up shop.

Don't make any difference whose boy you are—we need you.

You will be welcome.

If you once get started with us we guarantee to hold you.

Our goods are sure.

Come early—stay late.

Lynchburg Saloons, Proprietors.

THE JUDGEMENT OF THE PEOPLE OF LYNCHBURG IS THIS:

GHAT anyone who is careful in spending his money will not have occasion to be dissatisfied with his actions if he looks first at the **FURNITURE** and prices at

1022 MAIN STREET

A. A. McCORKLE - Furniture, Stoves

“All’s well that ends well”

Dinner will end so well if the
CREAM AND CONFECTIONS
are from

Pete’s

817 MAIN STREET



March 13th, 1907.

Mr. Adon Yoder,

Lynchburg, Va.

Dear Sir: We are in on the April issue, one page, same position as before, with the enclosed copy, which please set-up in your usual attractive style.

Yours very truly,

HALL & RUCKEL.

The above speaks for itself. Therefore send us your ad today. We have not got time to come around and ask you for it. We are virtually giving it away, as it is. Do YOU know a good thing when you see it?



AT the corner of 11th and Main is an Artist's Studio (and there's a difference between an artist and a mere photographer). When you have your picture taken you want something artistic

ERGO SEE Blencowe

E. W. PUCKETT
A Contractor with One Arm

¶After all, its head work and not hand work that makes a good contractor. It gives The Idea pleasure to recommend the head work of Mr. Puckett.

Phone 1708 321 Wordsworth

Will White Dry Goods Co.

"If the hollow of your foot make a hole in de groun'
De aint no Virginny blood in you;
My folks' instep rise up lak a moun,'
And de QUALITY am shown in de shoe."

The Barry Shoe for Quality
Dry Goods and Notions  Cor. 11th & Main





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